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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 19 Number 2

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The Impact of Sexism in Schools

By Myra Sadker
and David Sadker

WE DEMAND: That the right of women to be educated to their full potential equally with men be secured by Federal and State legislation, eliminating all discrimination and segregation by sex, written and unwritten, at all levels of education, including colleges, graduate and professional schools, loans and fellowships and Federal and State training programs such as the job corps.

So wrote NOW (the National Organization for Women) as part of the Bill of Rights drafted at its first national convention. Education was an early concern of the women's liberation movement and with good reason. At every level of the educational ladder, female students learn damaging lessons in which their academic potential is limited and where they suffer loss of self-esteem. It is impossible in an article of this length to suggest all the sexist activities which are part of children's education, but we shall attempt to provide some general sense of how these practices occur and of the great reservoir of talent that is lost as a result.

We must take a moment to note that lessons in sex stereotyping begin early—long before the female child enters elementary school. To begin at the beginning let us join the head nurse of the local hospital as she enters the maternity ward. In the nursery, the infants are swaddled in receiving blankets with only their wrinkled faces visible. On the other side of the viewing glass, parents can already be heard speculating about what their young son may one day become. Thirty years later may find him a doctor, an astronaut, a scientist, a newspaper editor—even President of the United States is a possibility.

On the other hand, parents of girl babies are not so likely to be heard speculating about how their female child will put her unique talents to use. In 25 or 30 years, regardless of special needs and abilities, most female infants will be channeled into one activity—that of full-time housewife or into a few traditionally feminine careers such as secretarial work, nursing or teaching. When the birth certificate reads female, individuality becomes irrelevant, and as young girls grow, they internalize these limiting expectations.

Female children may also be hampered by being treated too protectively by parents. They are more likely to be confined and restrained than are their brothers, and they may fail to receive sufficient independence and mastery training. One researcher sums up the different modes of parental treatment this way: "With sons, socialization seems to focus primarily on directing and constraining the boys' impact on the environment. With daughters, the aim is to protect the girls from the impact of the environment. The boy is being prepared to mold his world, the girl to be molded by it."

When a young girl begins elementary school, there are so many ways that new harmful lessons get learned. She may try to join a group of boys on the playground and be told that girls aren't allowed to play. She may hear boys refer to a book with a female heroine as "that sissy girl's book." And the same teachers who would react with anger at ostracism on the basis of race or religion or who would show offense at names like "wop," "yid," or "nigger," may ignore the sexist incident, chuckling to themselves at how the boys will be talking very differently one day.

Such negative lessons are reinforced when female students observe the way in which an elementary school is typically staffed. It is obvious that the majority of teachers in elementary schools are women and that there is need for more males on the teaching staff, particularly at the earliest grades. However, when students see administrative figures they invariably see men.

In 1971, although women comprised 88% of elementary school teachers, they were only 22% of elementary school principals. Moreover in that year, there were only two women among the 13,000 district superintendents in the United States. The message that gets transmitted to children is clear. Whenever an issue is too big or troublesome for the teacher (usually female) to handle, the principal (usually male) is called upon to offer the final decision, to administer the ultimate punishment or reward. The staffing patterns of school teach children that women have their place, and it is not at the top.

Lessons in female inferiority are also taught in school books, both in required texts and in out of class reading.

Even a brief analysis of the materials read in schools reveals the tangential and secondary treatment offered women. School libraries are filled with biographies of Buffalo Bill, Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson and scores of male sports heroes. If one is looking for a biography about a woman, the choice will probably be between Amelia Earhart, Annie Oakley and, more recently Shirley Chisolm. Little else is available. A committee called the Feminists on Children's Media has studied the major reading series used in almost all public and private schools across the country. In these texts they have found that boys are portrayed as independent, competent human beings who do many exciting things–playing football and baseball games, earning money in part-time jobs, going on camping trips. Girls do things too. They help with the housework, bake cookies, and spend inordinate amounts of time passively sitting and watching their brothers. At least in these cases they are present. In 144 texts studied, there were 881 stories in which the main characters are boys and only 344 in which a girl is the central figure.

Although sexism pervades the elementary school, it is by no means limited to the early years. In high school and college, many former sexist activities are intensified while still others are introduced. Students at the upper levels are limited and circumscribed by narrowly defined sex roles and social expectations.

During high school and college, young women learn that the image of scholarship and academic excellence is an unflattering one, and that outshining male classmates is not the route to popularity. They learn to accent physical attractiveness, and many actually try to hide academic talent and excellence. This phenomenon of striving for academic mediocrity rather than excellence can be seen in differing male and female patterns of underachievement. When boys receive poor grades, they generally do so right from the beginning, and male underachievement is often apparent in the first grade. In contrast, underachievement in girls usually does not emerge until the secondary school level. It is at this point that interest in boys begins, as does the growing realization that being too smart doesn't get a young woman anywhere but home on Saturday night.

In interviews conducted at Barnard, college women expressed the confusion they were experiencing in trying to fulfill two conflicting roles–that of aggressive, intellectual student in the classroom and that of passive not-too-bright date on the weekends.

> *My mother thinks that it is very nice to be smart in college but only if it doesn't take too much effort. She always tells me not to be too intellectual on dates, to be clever in a light sort of way.*

> *I was glad to transfer to a women's college. The two years at the co-ed university produced a constant strain. I am a good student; my family expects me to get good marks. At the same time, I am normal enough to want to be invited to the Saturday night dance. Well, everyone knows that on campus the reputation of a brain killed a girl socially. I was always fearful lest I say too much in class or answer a question which the boys I dated couldn't answer.*

Myra Sadker displays pages from a book which illustrates her contention that girls are subtly forced into stereotyped career choices in the education process. The captions read "Boys are doctors." and "Girls are nurses."

Their comments also reveal the variety of techniques they had developed to disguise outstanding ability.

> *When a girl asks me what mark I got last semester, I answer, 'Not so good–only one A.' When a boy asks the same question I say very brightly with a note of surprise, 'Imagine, I got an A.'*

> *One of the nicest techniques is to spell long words incorrectly once in a while. My boyfriend seems to get a great kick out of it and writes back, 'Honey, you certainly don't know how to spell.' It embarrassed me that my high school steady got worse marks than I. A boy should naturally do better in school. I would never tell him my marks and would often ask him to help me with my homework.*

As high a figure as 40% of the Barnard women admitted that they faked being dumb. The study was replicated at Stanford University; there 46% of the women interviewed acknowledged that they pretended intellectual inferiority when talking with men. In 1969, a third replication of the

study, again at Stanford, 40% of the women admitted to playing dumb when in a male company. The pattern, unfortunately, is consistent: an extremely high number of high school and college women are practicing the extraordinary behavior of pretending to be less than they are.

Comments made by teachers to women students are often disparaging and contemptuous, and set a hard low ceiling on potential talent and ability.

I know you're competent and your thesis advisor knows you're competent.

The question in our minds is are you really serious about what you're doing.

The admissions committee didn't do their job. There is not one good-looking girl in the entering class.

Have you ever thought about journalism (to a student planning to get a Ph.D in political science)? I know a lot of women journalists who do very well.

No pretty girls ever come to talk to me.

A pretty girl like you will certainly get married; why don't you stop with an M.A.?

You're so cute. I can't see you as a professor of anything.

The girls at (X university) get good grades because they study hard, but they don't have any originality.

(Professor to a student looking for a job) You've no business looking for work with a child that age.

We expect women who come here to be competent, good students, but we don't expect them to be brilliant or original.

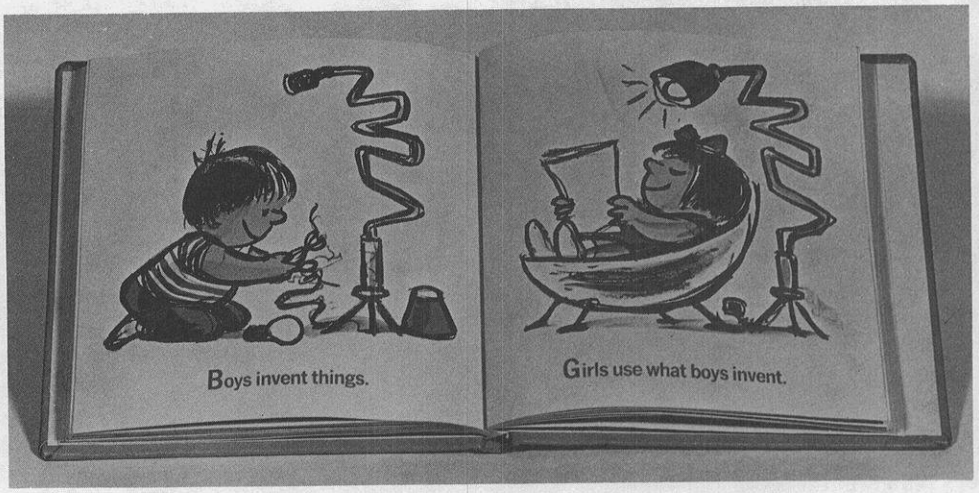
Women are intrinsically inferior.

Any woman who has got this far has got to be a kook. There are already too many women in this department.

We have been talking about discrimination that is subtle and takes its toll through social attitudes and expectations. At times, however, sex bias becomes overt and even institutionalized through educational policies and regulations. In many high schools this overt discrimination can be seen in boys-only or girls-only courses. Girls learn home economics; boys learn industrial arts. Physical education courses are also segregated with the result that more money, better facilities, and greater acclaim are allotted to male athletics programs. It is even possible to find entire high schools and colleges that are segregated on the basis of sex. Although single-sex institutions are gradually disappearing, the recent unsuccessful attempt of women to enter the naval academy at Annapolis demonstrates that the battle is far from over.

Overt sex bias can also be seen in college admissions policies which exercise quotas on the number of women admitted. Stanford maintains a 60% male majority while at Princeton the figure is three men to every women. Also, women are offered less scholarship and financial aid—an average of $518 annually for women and an average of $760 annually for men.

Sexist practices at every level of education result in a devastating loss—a denial of the full potential of over 50% of our students. There are innumerable studies which indicate how truly great this loss is. Of the brightest high school graduates who do not go to college, 75 to 90% are women. In 1900, women earned 6% of all doctoral degrees; in 1920, 15% and by 1968 only 13%. In short, the percentage of doctorates earned by women has actually decreased since the 1920's. As boys and girls progress through school, opinions of boys grow increasingly more positive and



Two pages from a child's book illustrate Mrs. Sadker's studies that girls are generally relegated to passive, observer status in stories and thus lack role models for making career choices outside of traditionally female fields.

opinions of girls increasingly more negative. These are but a small sampling of the effects of sexist schooling. The list could go on and on.

Perhaps the harm that has been done can be best seen in a single letter written by an elementary school girl. It appears in a book called *Children's Letters to God.*

Dear God,

Are boys really better than girls? I know you are one but please try to be fair.

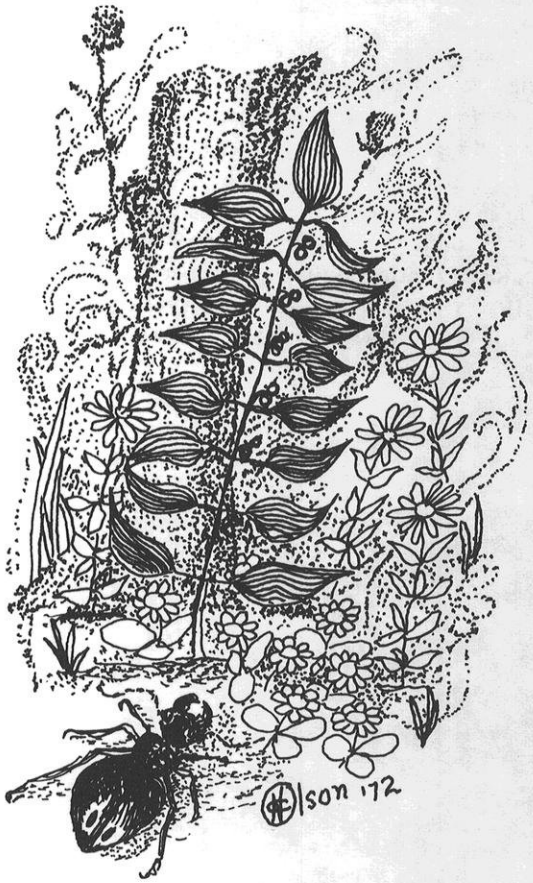
Love,

Sylvia

Education does not have to be a sexist activity, callously channeling girls and boys into sex typed roles. But until we all become aware of sex biases—and turn our efforts toward eradicating them—schools will continue to make of our children something less than they are.

David and Myra Sadker are assistant professors of education at the University of Wisconsin-Parkside. Their book, "Sexism in School and Society" will be released by Harper and Row this spring.

The "Little Drawings" of Norman C. Olson



Wisconsin Academy Past President Norman C. Olson is a man of broad interests and abilities. An executive with Northwestern Mutual, he is as at home with the arts as he is with the sciences. He is modest about his accomplishments, so it was quite by chance that we discovered his "little drawings," finely inked and exquisite items of art rich in a Lewis Carroll kind of fantasy world of insects, plants and animals. Mr. Olson has given several of these fine drawings to the Academy for its permanent collection. Some examples appear here and on pages 11 and 21.

Jesse Stuart's

LETTER TO AUGUST DERLETH

W-Hollow
Greenup, Ky. 41144
June 12th, 1972

Dear Augie:
Since you have gone on a long journey,
I don't have your new address.
It's not like you not to send it to me.
But this is like old times when I used to write you,
To your favorite place on earth, Sauk City, Wisconsin.
Augie, where are you now? What is your new address?
On what new land have you embarked?
And what are you doing? You must be doing something.
I know you never could sit still,
You mountain of a man, for dreams disturbed you.
You dreamed a dozen dreams at once to catalogue.
And, Augie, except when sleeping, you made Time count.
You wrote me once a brief letter:
"Old Death is at my heels. He harries me. I have to work.
I have so much to do. Four books to do this year."
I know Death finally ran you down.
I know he set evasive traps for you,
I know your huge once-energetic body
Now sleeps in your Wisconsin earth.
But tell me, Augie, where you are now!
I'd like to correspond again.
I'd like to talk with you.

II.

Augie, when I heard Death had caught you,
I was mortally shocked.
I thought old Death was only after me.
I thought you'd be more evasive.
I couldn't believe he had caught you.
But now you know, Old Death, who lies in wait,
Old Hunter Death who sets his traps
Is out to get us anyway he can!
He sets his traps. He has a thousand ways.
He will eventually get all in the end,
Yes, Augie, you were right,
Old Death was at your heels.
Augie, old friend, you sleep but you're not dead.
Your likeness is not with us,
Nor will it ever come again.

III.

You were Wisconsin, two-yards wide,
A block of man, two-hundred fifty-pounder,
Barrel-chested, protruding chin and jutted jaw . . .
And books, you were one hundred-fifty plus
And Nature's walking Encyclopedia.
Hell, how can a grave hold you?
You were a voice, Wisconsin's voice,
You were a personality: you were everything
Of man, all together at once,
Unforgettable, genius extraordinary.
You never created a character to equal you.

IV.

Augie, my friend, good Old Augie,
Remember when you were very young
And I was very young,
After a long correspondence, you came to Kentucky . . .
Yes, to W-Hollow, Greenup County, to visit me.
Jack Lucknan was driver of your car
But you rode backseat, directing his driving,
This was nineteen thirty-five when our roads were bad,
And no one had put a car over the last portion of our road,
But, Jack Lucknan did with your directing him.
"Jack put her here! Jack put her there!
Keep her climbing, Jack! Keep her going!"
And Jack Lucknan put your car where you said,
As he laughed loudly giving your new car,
Much gas, much brake and steering wheel activity
In all the stops and starts and ups and downs
Over the ditches and around the curves.

V.

How my folks loved you, Augie,
Big man and writer from Wisconsin . . .
First man we'd seen in W-Hollow from Wisconsin.
Wisconsin was a far-off place to us.
You and Jack ate farm food on our table,
Food grown from our W-Hollow hill and valley farm.
Only salt, pepper, sugar, coffee, we bought from the store.
And after we ate my father, Mick, offered you a chew
Of his Red Horse Scrap Tobacco which you accepted
And you chewed and spat like a longtime user
Of Kentucky's golden fragrant weed,
While Jack smoked cigarettes and I a black cigar.

VI.

Augie, remember, "pawpaws" you said so unexpectedly.
And then you quoted Carl Sandburg's line,
" 'Pocahontas, lovely as a pawpaw,
In the cool tombs.' "
So you with your two cameras, Jack carrying them,
We went, you, Jack, my father and I
To a pawpaw patch in Coonden Hollow on our farm,
There you photographed the pawpaw clusters
Hanging like bananas in the tops
Of the slender, slick-barked, pawpaw trees.
You photographed them from all angles
While my father laughed and laughed . . .
Pawpaws were common things to him . . .
Food for man, for dogs and possums.
They were our Kentucky bananas,
So good to taste, so sweet to smell!

VII.

Dear Old Augie: Will you recall from where you are,
Try to remember now, how a warm exchange of letters
From nineteen thirty-five to nineteen and forty-one,
Our correspondence had begun with a trickle,
Expanded into a stream and not into a river . . .
You believed in your region and your people,
I believed in my region and my people . . .
We thought they were solid and substantial
And we tried to tell America and the world about them
While Time was with us and we were very young.

VIII.

Then, it was Spring, beautiful Springtime,
But there was war over the world,
America was fighting on Two Fronts,
And I, Seaman Second Class,
Got a pass from Great Lakes Naval Training Station
and boarded a bus in Chicago,
My destination, Sauk City, Wisconsin.
After bleak months in training at Great Lakes,
I had written you Augie, I would be there.
So nice to ride over roads in Springtime,
Your Wisconsin roads, Augie, into your beautiful country.
Where oats were taller than our Kentucky oats,
Where fields on either side of the highway,
There were herds of dairy cows,
So many, many, many cows, cattle and sheep,
So many nice farm homes and barns,
And the land was green, except for fields,
That had been turned by tractor plows
And planted in this late spring season,
Late for Kentucky where Spring was earlier . . .
Augie, here was your land, a Northern Land,
A beautiful land, a farming, grazing land . . .
Augie I was seeing your Wisconsin . . .
I breathed and felt your wind over Wisconsin.

IX.

Sauk City, your Sauk City and here you greeted me,
Your home was brick, solid, substantial.
In your hometown as small as Greenup, Kentucky,
The capitol of my writing world,
Five miles from my home in W-Hollow.
Sauk City was capitol of your writing world.
"No pawpaws here, Stuart," you said.
"But oats, wheat, hay, corn and cows," I said.
Old Augie, you knew I was a farmer.
"And characters, characters and people," you said.
And here I was invited in to spend one night with you,
And in your rooms were books and books and music,
A world away from barracks and routine,
And what a world where we talked "shop" into the night,
Novels, stories, poems, essays, ecology and wildlife.
"No, Stuart, I never shot a deer.
There are some people I would rather shoot than deer."
And Augie, I'll not forget how you laughed.
"Your roads are clean, not litter-strewn," I said. "But, why?"
"We're German, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, mostly here," you said.
"Of course we have some English, Scottish and Indians here.
This is our world, Lutheran and Catholic mostly . . .
Land of good beer and wine but I don't drink beer.
I got too much at two years old. Can't stand it now.
Can you believe this? I don't drink or smoke.
No prejudices. I just don't like either.
German descent and I don't like beer!
I know it's strange. Oh, but Stuart, how I can eat!"
I wonder how you'd like our Navy chow,
Impatient as you are,
Always in a hurry—
How you would like to stand in line and wait,
One hour, two hours, for chow not to your liking.

X.

After this unforgettable visit with you in wartime,
A two-man literary visit, Wisconsin and Kentucky
My bus ride back to Chicago was a sad one.
I rode with memories of you and Wisconsin,
Beautiful Wisconsin spring in wartime
And memories of my wife Naomi and baby daughter Jane
Back in the Greenup County hills in W-Hollow.
I had the memories, too, of my first best seller,
Was commissioned as an officer and sent to Washington, D.C.,
Where I was joined by my wife and daughter.
In Main Navy, later in my Writers Unit,
It was learned I couldn't write by those who knew.
And when I wrote you what had happened Augie,
You may not remember but you told me,
You of Germanic blood but not a warrior,
You told me I was great, that I was good,
And that I had a future out there before me
As long as I remained true to my land and people
As you'd remained true to Wisconsin and your people.

XI.

War ended and more books for me.
Talk about books! Augie you produced them!
Ah, what a genius in so many categories!
In war years the trickle, stream and river
Of our letter communications hadn't ended.
We talked by letters. More books for you.
More books for me. More, more, more
Creativity in many categories for us.
Your Wisconsin and my Appalachia were productive.
Following the war, years passed for us in single file.

XII.

But, Dear Old Augie: There was the last Time you will remember,
Try to recall where ever you are.
Last time together, Augie, you and I

Jesse Stuart —
writer, poet, teacher
and long-time friend.

And my wife Naomi met in Rhinelander, Wisconsin,
Up where they have July, August and winter . . .
And you and I participated in Wisconsin's Idea Theatre
Where people from Wisconsin came to learn to write.
Augie you and I were a part, teaching there,
For our last time together, remember?
Remember you were on diet trying to slim
From two-fifty down to a small two-twenty-five . . .
Pre-lunch two shrimp cocktails,
And then your single meal, and you often duplicated . . .
French onion soup was your desert,
You always had one and sometimes two . . .
How we loved this good Wisconsin food.
Catholic you were Augie,
And you brought your friends to me.
"He's Catholic Stuart, his Pope's in Rome.
But I am Derleth's Pope!"
You'd beat your chest and laugh loudly.
Two weeks we worked together in Rhinelander
With other Wisconsin writers, and there are many,
And with hundreds of participants in Idea Theatre!
Who came from everywhere, cities, towns, villages, farms,
From the bedrock and the grassroots of Wisconsin,
And, Augie, I still hear from so many of them.

XIII.

Yes, Dear Old Augie: I was teaching at Murray, Kentucky
Much the same as we did at Rhinelander, Wisconsin . . .
For I had borrowed ideas from the Wisconsin's Idea Theater. . .
A friend wrote me Old Death, had last trapped you . . .
Old Death the enemy of Life that you so loved,
That you so lived from childhood to the end. . .
Old Death, who likes to visit his white-stone cities
Where there's not life, where only wind is sound . . .
Where there is not the love and kiss
By billions of his victims underground.
Augie, I knew you never took to Death . . .
He was no friend of yours and mine.
So many times he's come so close to getting me
By his snares, his traps and devious planning . . .
But now the message came he had got you
When on this same day I got your own letter
With two reviews of my book, Come Back to the Farm . . .
Believe me your reviews were favorable, too . . .
As they would be, you loved the land . . .
Augie, damn it, I wept. I couldn't hold warm tears.
First time I've written you to thank you for those reviews.
Sorry, my friend, I have been late.

XIV.

And then I read your church had had your funeral,
And, Augie, I was glad. For, Augie, it is my time to remember,
For how could I forget, when you told me,
How you had preached the funerals of German Freethinkers,
And we have had a few of these Freethinkers here . . .
How Priest and Minister would not administer
Christian rites to these . . .
You told me how you dressed, top hat, in tux and tails,
But wore brown sandals on your feet . . .
And I remember how I laughed when you told me this.
Augie, there was never one like you,
Ah, what a writer and a man you were, Augie,
Prolific, unforgettable and great.
So well we knew each other for thirty-seven years
And now I know a literary tree has fallen
In Wisconsin, a great tall tree
That has left a vacant place against
Wisconsin's and America's literary sky.
I don't care what anyone says, Augie,
I am as positive as I still live that this is right.
You stayed with your land and your people!
Farewell, my poet friend and goodnight,
Most sincerely, your old friend, Jesse Stuart.

Jesse Stuart lives in W-Hollow, Greenup County, Kentucky. Like Derleth, he has made his home locale familiar to millions of readers. Among the many honors which his many books have brought was the 1961 Academy of American Poets' Award. He was named poet-laureate of Kentucky in 1954.

AUGUST DERLETH

"A simple, honorable man"

By Edna Meudt

10:15 p.m., Saturday, July 3, 1971, the voice on the phone was August's, huskier than usual, each phrase interrupted by a dry coughing. While we conversed I was apprehensive of his shortness of breath and remembered two shattering previous experiences when there had been such symptoms. Because of his difficulties we did not visit long. He said, "If we do not talk again, Edna, *take care.*"

The next phone call was Sunday morning, July 4, shocked and nearly inaudible the voice of his beloved Caitlin: "Aug is dead. Aug is dead." Over and over she said it, like a cadence to the rainfall outside—on that anniversary of Thoreau's departure for Walden Pond. August had never shunned life, he had not chosen to forsake his world, but the aura of destiny is in the coincidence.

These sentences are from two of the most perceptive tributes paid him in the days immediately following:

"When August Derleth was buried yesterday I guess you could say they buried a legend. He was known throughout the world, though he never lived anywhere but Wisconsin. And it is highly improbable that another like him ever will come along . . .

"August Derleth, perhaps the last of America's great regional writers, has for a lifetime made his living entirely from his writings, and from his little publishing house in Sauk City, Wis. Because of his prolific works he has been compared to Balzac. Because of his affinity with the world of nature he has been hailed as a modern Thoreau." —Bob Cromie. (Reprinted with permission from *The Chicago Tribune,* 1971.)

"In the age of the Unsatisfied Man, August Derleth seemed an anachronism. Neither he nor the characters in his seven score books moped moodily about, bemoaning the curse of their existence . . .

"He was an old-fashioned writer in

the best sense. His characters had character; his fiction had plot. He abhorred the self-pity that so many modern authors install in their characters. He found message novels dull . . .His output spanned the spectrum of writing–novels, juvenile fiction, mysteries, science fiction, biographies, history, and poetry."–Patrick Young. (Reprinted with permission from *The National Observer,* 1971.)

Is Magazine for October, an August Derleth memorial issue, featured more than thirty articles of reminiscence by his peers from here and abroad. Its consensus was that this veritable human word-machine was so indoctrinated to work that there were not enough hours in any day; Arkham House and related projects were never out of debt even though he constantly invested royalties from his own works in the business.

In the *Sic transit gloria mundi* department: Concluded on March 5, the *Milwaukee Journal's* seven-weeks series of some 20,000 words entitled "Written in Wisconsin" by the Journal's Book Editor, accords August Derleth (and his 150 books) a single sentence. That Editor's encomium last July likened the rise and fall of literary reputations to stocks and bonds, and asked: "What will happen to August's now that he is not here?"

A biography is in preparation by publisher Peter Ruber of Candelight Press, New York, who writes of his efforts to date: "I have acquired an extraordinary amount of material revealing a man so complex in his personality and having such a breadth of interests that it is like piecing together a spiderweb." Such graphic imagery does describe the public man. But underneath was another whose life style could be summarized in a title borrowed from the late Conrad Richter: *A Simple, Honorable Man.* This was the warp of him, the loom, or frame composed of those natural virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. And behind the tapestry-mask of an exaggerated ego were his quick responses to the human drama, his intense loyalties and opinions, his generosity with self as well as with goods. In a letter to me he wrote: "There is this delusion I am a man of wealth, for most people do not realize or refuse to believe that I am so prolific of economic necessity; I certainly do not want to write so much, but I simply have no alternative." So out of this writing, the numerous public appearances, and teaching assignments developed that pattern (I think of it as as jacquard for it always led home to Sauk-Prairie) generally accepted as the real August, and with which his biographers will have to cope unless more is told than of the strong lines of his disciplined character.

The anecdote best describes the person–and where does generosity such as the following fit if not under prudence? He undertook the publication of a fine magazine *Hawk & Whippoorwill,* the first issue consisting of poets by S.O.S.! invitation. At that time he wrote: "I've set a four-year limit. By that time it may have cost me close to $2,000.00 and if this happens I will call it quits." Four years later, Autumn 1963, in the final issue he wrote: "Inclusive of this issue, the total income of the magazine was $793.00, the total cost, *exclusive of postage,* $2,500.00–or a net loss of $1,707.00." Still he could conclude with this statement: "Nevertheless, editing and publishing *Hawk & Whippoorwill* was an instructive pleasure. I regret only my inability to continue its publication." Six years later he was ready to assume a similar burden when he agreed to edit and publish *New Poetry Out of Wisconsin* for the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. Some may ask, This is prudence? If one considers his belief that the great purpose of life is to use it for what will outlast it, Yes.

Justice and integrity: There is validity in a comment made to me by Utah poet Max Golightly, whose first encounter with August's works in *Best Poems of 1943* (Jonathan Cape, London) set him to writing poetry. Meeting August about twenty years later, he said: "He is almost brutally honest." August had an objectivity that must have been difficult for him to live with, and there was in him that which would not ever permit his taking the easy course. Never was this illustrated more clearly than when he was passed over for a deserved prize. Much has been written of this incident, of his resignation from the Council for Wisconsin Writers, and of his walking out on their awards celebration. His actions were misinterpreted as "juvenile," "a feud with the Council," and "lack of respect for the book that won." His decision was, in fact, a long-considered one. As for the "feud" he dismissed that with a quotation from Eliot's *Four Quartets:* "Human kind cannot bear very much reality." He had reviewed favorably the book that was to win. And he had been suggesting that the award be changed from "For a Best Literary Work (by a Resident Wisconsin Writer)" to "For a Book of Outstanding Merit . . ." for two reasons: (1) This new designation would eliminate much criticism of the choices. (2) The award could then be limited (the $1,000 top prize sponsored by the Johnson Wax Foundation) to a one-time-only reception. "As it stands," he wrote me, "such a designation will always be open to question, and it cannot be limited. The 'best' is 'best' and it can't be done otherwise." Because this matter was dredged up in his obituaries, it calls for clarification: His entry had been *The Collected Poems,* the cream of thirty years work, restructured to make a unity to stand behind the *Apologia*–illuminating a philosophy and a way of life; poems that had been praised by major poets from Edgar Lee Masters to last year's Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress, William Stafford. By its author's published statement the award-winning book was his first, turned out in three weeks at the urging of his agent to meet a nature-book contest deadline. (Again: Had it been for "Outstanding merit" August would not have withdrawn from the Council; it was the "Best Literary Work" decision he protested.)

In the classroom or workshop August could be abrasive. Though his magnetism warmed any group, he had an impatience with several types of writers, with none more than those who used needless obscenities, or eroticisms slanted toward publication-expediency.

This verile man, person to person so outspoken, has been criticized for having little sex in his books. Part of his objectivity was his readiness to take the long view. He was an historian, and he particularly wanted a young audience. Believing that history has more to tell than its boudoir intrigues he left the hardsell to others.

Having great charm and wit, a celebrity, he was indeed attractive to women. With a few he became emotionally involved, and these meaningful relationships he recorded too well in about a dozen poetry volumes. He was married from 1953 to 1958. The court gave him custody of the children, April Rose and Walden; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Derleth, sold their house and moved to Place of Hawks, August's home.

He was capable of magnificent paradox. He is quoted in *20th Century Authors* (1942), "It is possible that I am perhaps the most versatile and voluminous writer in quality writing fields today." *Contemporary Authors* finds him saying, "I'm little more than a primitive storyteller who had a place at his tribal fire." He was sincere in his belief that the whole cloth of an artist is both bold and muted.

We shared a single intemperance. A wonderful line from Isak Dinesen's *Seven Gothic Tales* will delineate: "The Countess Anastasia has a heavy cross. The love of eating is a heavy cross." But *his* weakness must be modified. August was often and gravely tempted, being so long unattached that women vied for the opportunity to feed him their specialties. On invitation he was known to go from house to house enjoying various pastries and gourmet dishes. His father's sister told me recently how sorely she misses his daily calls. And Caitlin relates another episode: "I'd invited him for dinner and so he could really anticipate the feast told him the day before about the two desserts with strawberries. He could never resist strawberries, and I wanted to impress him. At a chance meeting with a girlfriend of his youth that evening he mentioned my invitation. The next afternoon she called him with some urgency. When he stopped by to see what she wanted he was fed, along with other delicacies, sham torte with fresh strawberries from her garden. When he arrived at my table he was bloated and so full that he couldn't bear to eat anything. It was then we began to wonder about the urgency of that call."

Not only was he a connoisseur of food, driving to Madison for special melons, out-of-season fruits, and candy, but he catered to the fancies of friends. On the day of his funeral someone opening a drawer of his desk took out a package of candy on which he had written, "For Edna." "Yes," that someone said, "we had to drive five miles out of the way, after seeing the doctor, to get that for you."

Such fondness for food must partly account for his obsession with mushrooms. He spent every free moment each May hunting morels, keeping daily and yearly records of how many, the date, and where found. He referred to these records before starting out each day. No matter how tired he got, no matter the weather or circumstance the morels had to be counted before leaving the woods. For nearly fifty Mays it was a contest he had with himself. He had to break last year's record. Exhausted and ill as he was, he did it again last year.

He took this same pride in his other collections: comics, stamps, coins. He would roar with laughter when he read the daily comics—even when these weren't funny. He said when he was a kid he scouted the junkyard for comics, that neighbors and his grandparents saved their papers for him. He dreamed then of when he could afford to buy all he wanted. When that time came the funnies he most loved were out of print—"A lesson on life," he pointed out. Last summer a rare books dealer from Milwaukee commented on the astounding worth of the comics collection he did assemble. It, along with thousands of little magazines, his letters and journals he bequeathed to the State Historical Society. Thus generations to come will benefit from his interests.

Of his fortitude those eighteen-hour work days should say enough. But I would add the deserved depth of his patience in suffering: In the summer of 1969 he entered a hospital for routine gall bladder surgery. Eighty-seven days later (during fifteen of which he was not expected to live), everything having gone awry, he was released. This free-striding nature hiker was obliged to wear trusses and a corset. He had one bout with repair surgery, and was facing another when he died. These hospitalizations, the discomforts, he endured with little complaint, accepting such slings of fortune as dues for the gift of being spared.

An opera buff, he knew the stories, the arias, the music of all; and taking friends, he would travel to Chicago and other cities to attend the productions. He had recordings of most and usually these were the background music as he sat typing endlessly.

His florist bill must have been enormous: flowers for funerals and every other occasion, and even on anniversaries of loss to the lonely. He seldom forgot a kindness and logged in his *Journals* all the greetings from friends.

He is supposed to have had bitter quarrels with his Church, to have been anti-religious. True, he had confrontations with certain clergymen, and on these grounds we differed, he making Responsibility the issue and I arguing that not Justice but Mercy should be given as well as pleaded. His protégé (since last July the business manager of Arkham House) Rick Meng stated it succinctly: "He didn't want to destroy the forest, he just saw some trees needed to be cut." When he thought the hierarchy out of step with the times, he was openly critical of it (though several of his books bear the Imprimatur of Francis Cardinal Spellman). But he thought religion a necessary structure in society; attending and supporting the Church, he raised his children within its framework. One of the last functions he attended was the celebration of the 125th anniversary of St. Norbert's Parish, Roxbury, for which he wrote the "Sauk Prairie Country" section of its commemorative book. In that day's *Journal* he wrote: "I sat next to a pillar along the aisle,

expecting to have to move, but I was left alone in the pew." He described the freshly cleaned church, the great Kaulbach painting above the altar, and the entrance procession. Of the dinner he wrote, "It was a happy occasion made so by lively conversation. I was surprised at finding Bishop O'Donnell at my side introducing himself, since no one else had thought to do so." August never took such courtesy as his just due.

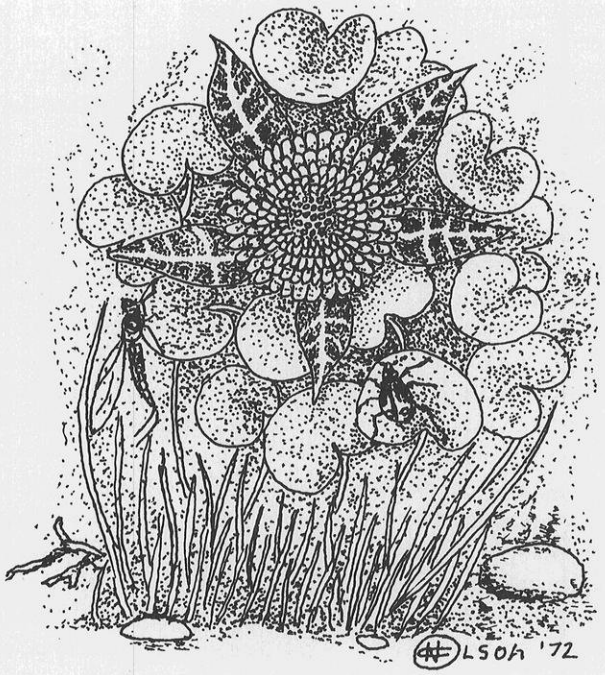
For readers of his *Walden* books or his other nature works, this paragraph may seem a superfluity. (However, a longtime book reviewer for Wisconsin's largest newspaper once boasted in my presence of "never having read anything by August Derleth.") August spent two hours every morning and evening along the railroad tracks. He was there for the sunset and sunrise of clear days. He knew each track as his own meditation place. He worked out his story plots, his problems, his life's path while walking there. He often took along a book or two of poetry, and would sit in his favorite spot where he could see the highway but where no one could see him. A stream ran below, and behind him the pasture-land and woods; his contentment there he tried to share. He wrote of everything he observed and heard. Sometimes he would ask a friend to join him, and just today George Marx said, "Only in retracing those steps, I feel close to him."

At Edgewood College, Madison, after being named the eleventh honorary chancellor of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, he made his last speech. Participating in the convention as featured poet was William Stafford. Their meeting here was the culmination of long correspondence, and of a significant incident: In 1962 the National Book Award for the most distinguished work of poetry was for *Traveling Through the Dark* by Mr. Stafford; the previous year August Derleth had cast the single vote for this book—a case of such astute judgment as to be duly noted in *The Saturday Review* and elsewhere.

When August was notified of his election to the chancellorship, he called me (the convention chairman) to say he had two suitable speeches for the acceptance; "Even though I know these are good," he said, "I'd rather do something different, like summarizing my life in poetry?" He did—with that direct eloquence that comes, seemingly, not from long practice but out of true experience. During the standing ovation that followed he unconsciously stroked an arrangement of roses and wild flowers.

Mrs. Stafford later recalled how during the dinner August had come from his place, smiling like a schoolboy, to lay on her lap a package of his favorite chocolates. Fittingly, many such characteristic gestures outlive him. Books and tickets to operas and concerts arrived far into July.

Readers of *The Wisconsin Academy Review* may recall the picture of August in the last issue, and the Editor's perspicuous comment. It is a strange composite of props. Across his left shoulder is a sugar maple to which he was likened in the citation for chancellor: "The sweet running sap of his kindness to struggling writers." A cemetery urn converted to bird bath is between it and the fallow field. There is a continuity to most of life one does not attempt to interpret—not even in a poem. Hence the invitation to write this appraisal I accepted with gratitude and undertook with a special reverence. It was to me he made that last charge. I shall *take care* that those dimensions he obscured from a gravelly world, now he is no longer vulnerable, be made known.



A longtime friend of Derleth, Edna Meudt lives on a farm near Dodgeville. Of the four books she has had published, the most recent is "The Ineluctible Sea."

WISCONSIN'S LAND USE PROPHET

By John E. Ross

Thirty years ago, Wisconsin citizens understood full well the meaning of the term of "cutover region." It summarized the agony of Northern Wisconsin, still struggling to recover from a period of gross land misuse—the complete cutting of the white pine forests and the ensuing era of rampant fires.

Now, the term is fading from our rhetoric. The term was appropriate in the 30's and 40's. But even then its function was fading. Trees were coming back. The quality of the fragile northern environment was improving. People sensed a new era.

Actually, the era got under way in the 1920's with a vision of a small band of men who saw alternatives.

One of these men, Walter A. Rowlands, died in Madison on October 13, 1972 at the age of 75. Rowlands surely died with confidence that the cutover era was gone.

Rowlands started his Wisconsin career in a setting not guaranteed to improve the land. He was dubbed "pyrotol Pete" by the northern settlers because he took advantage of a supply of World War I surplus explosives to blast the remnant timber stumps to clear the land for agriculture.

But agriculture was on the climatic borderline. People were isolated and poor and stranded. Profits were being made in settlement developments by people absentee from the land just as earlier profits were taken out by the lumber developers.

When did Rowland's vision change? The date is not recorded in the files.

In 1922 he was hired by the Marinette County Land Clearing Association. A native of Canada, he joined the University of Wisconsin Extension Service in 1923 as a specialist in land clearing. By 1928 he was coordinator of county agents in northern Wisconsin, a post he held for 23 years.

By the early 1920's he is recorded as saying that social and economic injustices were being perpetrated upon settlers in the absence of careful land use planning in an area that was pocked with soils inhospitable for human settlement.

Rowlands generally receives credit for what was a startling development consumated in July, 1933. On that date the first rural zoning ordinance in the nation was adopted in Oneida County, Wisconsin. Within three years 24 other Wisconsin counties patterned and adopted ordinances designed to promote orderly development of lands for forestry, recreation, and agriculture. Zoning is widely accepted today. Not then. Deep problems overcame resistance to the concept.

Unguided land clearing and settlement built up pressure on local public officials with mounting tax burdens. Rowlands, writing in *The Wisconsin Public Employee in 1935* said, "Uncontrolled and unregulated settlement and development of the land results in increasing demands on the town in building and maintaining new roads and on the school district in transporting, boarding, or providing special school facilities. Such demands had already cost the town, the school district, the county and the state many times the amount of taxes paid by the settler. In the interests of sound governmental economy, it was evident that a curb should be placed on the establishment of new governmental services."

This is a point that even today gets obscured with our enthusiasm for development.

In the 1930's planning was inherently suspect because it meant governmental control over the affairs of men. In addition the Oneida County development meant that people would be resettled, moved off their homesteads to other lands. Over 500 families were moved, most without rancor.

Rowlands summarized the meaning of this movement in a speech he gave at the Wisconsin Soil Conservation Society meetings in 1961, "One of the most hopeful signs that America is growing up insofar as her land and water resources is concerned, is the tremendous new interest by people all over our state in the many phases of land use planning in watershed development and in county zoning.

"Rural people, both men and women . . . and both town and country officials are today genuinely concerned about the future development of their communities, about the overcrowding of our lakes and rivers, about the damage and expense of floods and about the wasteful and indiscriminate development of the countryside and with it the inevitable creation of new rural slums which follow lack of planning." This summarized the problem and turns out to be prophetic of the mood in 1972 with rising discussions of land use planning.

Underlying his concern was the belief that a substantial area of the land throughout all of northern Wisconsin should be used for both public and private forestry purposes, for recreation, and for the development of game resources, because it was sub-marginal

(Edgar Obma Studios Photo)

Walter A. Rowlands

for agriculture and because we needed forests.

From these beginnings came such concepts as county forests, flood plain zoning, shoreland zoning, watershed development, recreational districts and school forests. No biographer can claim credit for Rowlands for the creation and implementation of all these ideas. Rather it is proper to claim for him the role of prophet.

Rowlands did promote the establishment of the first three school forests in the state with an idea imported from Australia. The idea grew to involve over 350 school forests in Wisconsin.

While Rowlands never relaxed in his concern over land use problems, he carried on a full-blown parallel career. For 17 years he was director of Branch Agricultural Experiment Stations for the University of Wisconsin—managing agricultural research efforts in such locations as Spooner, Ashland, Marshfield, Hancock and Sturgeon Bay. Behind this distribution of field research stations lay one concept: adapt the sophisticated agricultural research of national and state laboratories to the environment of the regions of the state and to the needs of the people. From these stations came fundamental developments such as grain varieties resistant to the harsher climates of Wisconsin, a system of upgrading the hostile soil conditions in the Spencer soil area around Marshfield, and a system to produce vegetables from the dry and sandy soils around Hancock. Rowlands was not one to pull the management strings from Madison. He lived the development of these stations on the land. He knew thousands of farmers and their problems.

Rowlands had an innate understanding of problems in the abstract, but he was not satisfied with the abstractions.

In 1958 in a speech at Park Falls he gave a rather specific agenda which has pertinence for the remaining years of this century.

He said:

. . . County Zoning Ordinances in the north need to be reviewed, revised and brought up to date.

. . . The whole question of improving our watersheds needs careful consideration.

. . . Regional planning commissions need to be developed—these will demand the best leadership we can get.

. . . As our population develops, more attention will need to be given to areas within the forests where people may come to enjoy the out-of-doors in areas such as the Crex Meadow in Burnett County and the Powell Marsh in Vilas and Iron Counties, forest trails, and public access to lakes and streams.

. . . Today, population pressures, recreational use pressures, a highly complex industrial pattern in which water becomes an ever more important element, make it far more difficult to delineate the issues at the very time it is most urgent to make important decisions on future land uses.

Rowlands pursued all these things with great gusto and with energy beyond what we should expect of any man. It is tempting to say that he was a man ahead of his time, but that is not accurate. For he was a man who helped create the times.

In sum, his basic philosophy has its roots in democracy. He said, many times, "Take your proposal to the people and give them the facts. Even a hostile crowd (as in Oneida County) will believe you if you can get through to them."

They believed in Rowlands.

John E. Ross is associate director of the Institute for Environmental Studies of the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

THE EARLY DAYS OF UNIVERSITY CENTERS IN WISCONSIN

By L. H. Adolfson

The first "Extension Center" was developed in Milwaukee. Scattered classes were offered in Milwaukee by University Extension following World War I, but in 1928 the University received an appropriation from the Legislature to build an Extension building in downtown Milwaukee. This building housed a relatively small day-program mainly for full-time students and a large late afternoon and evening program for part-time students. Instruction was provided by a small full-time resident staff, Extension faculty from Madison, and ad hoc instructors from the community. The Milwaukee Center was administered as a separate unit in Extension, and never became a part of the Center System but it remained a two-year campus until it was merged with the Milwaukee State Teachers' College in 1956 to create the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

The Freshman-Sophomore Class Programs, out of which the present University Center System emerged, began in 1933 as a part of the Extension Division. It resulted from the interplay of three forces: the depression, certain vocational school directors, and the field representatives of University Extension. The depression created a substantial pool of able high school graduates unable either to go away to school or to find work. The opportunity to begin college at home, or near home, was just the ticket for many of these young people.

Historically, Extension class programs, usually noncredit, were offered in classrooms at the local vocational schools throughout the State. The local vocational school directors were thus accustomed to working with Extension field representatives and faculty. They were also sensitive to the needs of their communities for vocational and adult education programs. As the depression deepened, some of them began to sense the needs of the unemployed young high school graduates still in their communities. They turned, naturally, to the University to explore ways of offering freshmen-level college courses for credit through their vocational schools.

For many years Extension had maintained a field organization out in the state. In 1932 the state was divided into five districts, each the domain of a field representative, who roamed his area promoting correspondence study, organizing lecture series and non-credit classes, selling lecture and lyceum programs to schools, etc. Marshall Graff, who worked out of Appleton, handled the Northeastern part of the state; Otto Krasselt handled the Northwest out of Eau Claire; Benno Meyer worked the West Central out of La Crosse; Mary Farrell, Madison based, travelled the South Central; and Myron Lowe administered the Lakeshore programs out of Milwaukee. These field representatives were able, aggressive, hard-working servants of the University, who originally had been correspondence study "salesmen" for Extension, which had been created as a correspondence study school. However, by the early 1930's the latter role had been superseded by a variety of other Extension activities.

When in 1932 the vocational school directors at Antigo and Sheboygan came to Graff and to Lowe to discuss the possibility of freshman-level college classes, they quickly saw the opportunity for a new type of University service. They went immediately to their director, Chester Allan, in Madison, and found a receptive ear. Allan, in turn, went to the then dean of Extension, Chester Snell, who liked the idea, but felt he should consult with the president of the University, Glenn Frank, and there the idea bogged down.

Frank consulted with Frank Holt, Madison Campus Registrar, and both agreed it would be foolhardy to approve any action that might reduce enrollments at Madison. (Subsequently, Holt became Dean of Extension and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Centers the System ever had.) So the initial effort to field a credit class program failed.

However, in the spring of 1933, the field representatives, with the concurrence of their Director, quietly began organizing freshman credit classes at Antigo, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Kenosha, Mayville and Racine. Enrollments were limited to two or three subjects, usually some combination of English, History, Geography or Spanish. Geography was the main Physical Science because of the lack of laboratories. In 1934 additional class centers were organized in Manitowoc, Wausau, and Rhinelander. In 1935 centers were added at Marinette, Merrill, Sheboygan, Sturgeon Bay and Wisconsin Rapids. By the fall of 1940 twenty centers had been in operation, though several had already closed for lack of students. That same year the Centers ranged in size from 15 students at Hurley to 148 at Racine.

The students were fairly typical college freshmen, though perhaps a bit less sophisticated than their counterparts who had left home to go away to college. In the main, they were bright, eager to learn, and hard-working. Many of them, though not all, had jobs on the side. Most of them admitted they began college at the Center because of economic reasons. But they liked it and did just as well on the Madison Campus in upper division work as their friends who began college in Madison.

There was no real local administration at these class centers in the early days. The area field representative arranged for the courses and instructors and enrolled the students. He dropped by occasionally during the semester to check on how things were going. A faculty member was usually designated as an informal chairman of the local faculty. He would convene periodic faculty meetings and act as liaison for the faculty with the director of the vocational school and the Extension field representative. The vocational school director assigned the classrooms and provided the housekeeping assistance needed by the faculty.

Classes were held in vocational schools in rooms specifically assigned to the University. Usually only one such room was needed. There were few laboratories, but at three or four locations the vocational school provided a small chemistry laboratory. Small, but apparently adequate, library collections were provided by the University and were housed either in a special room or in a section of the vocational school library. Generally, the faculty shared a single office.

Faculty were recruited by the Extension department chairmen, and were subject to the approval of the Madison Campus department chairmen. As a matter of fact, during this period many faculty were young Wisconsin PhD's who were unable to find jobs elsewhere because of the depression. While some faculty were located out in the state, many were itinerant from Madison, and most of them taught at more than one center. Such faculty as Elizabeth Edsall in history, J. L. Miller in economics and sociology, Herbert Wood in history, S. I. Hayakawa, now president of San Francisco State College in California, and many others, were dedicated and enthusiastic center class teachers.

And it took dedication to travel and teach on an itinerant basis in Wisconsin, especially through the winter. The writer recalls one travel incident that occurred to him late in the 1930's. He had taught an afternoon class at Sheboygan, where he had a hotel room, and then drove to Fond du Lac for an evening class. It was a snowy afternoon and evening, and by the time the class was over, drifting snow had caused the closing of all roads out of Fond du Lac. There was nothing to do but get a second room at Fond du Lac and stay the night. The next morning the roads were open, though not good, but he got back to Sheboygan to teach his 9:00 a.m. class. Needless to say, it took a bit of doing with the business office to explain why his expense account included two rooms in two cities the same night.

With the coming of World War II the first thrust of the Class Center movement came to an end. By 1942 all of the Centers organized in the 1930's had been closed, except for Green Bay, Kenosha, Manitowoc, Wausau, Racine and Sheboygan. The latter remained open through the war and continued on to the present time.

". . . it took a bit of doing to explain why his expense account included two rooms in two cities the same night."

These, then, were the early days of the present University Center System that has provided locally a beginning college opportunity for thousands of Wisconsin youngsters who might not otherwise have gone to college. This program was a powerful expression of the great University of Wisconsin motto, "The boundaries of the campus are the boundaries of the State."

L. H. Adolfson is chancellor emeritus of the UW Center System. An historical survey of the post-war years of the Center System will appear in the next issue of the Review.

Wisconsin Perspective brings to focus, through photographs and commentary, the sciences, arts and letters of earlier days in Wisconsin. It is prepared specifically for Academy use by the staff of The state Historical Society of Wisconsin. The author, Paul Vanderbilt, is curator emeritus of the iconographic collections.

WISCONSIN PERSPECTIVE

Showing off the Kissel Kar

By Paul Vanderbilt

Among machines manufactured in this state, the Kissel automobiles from Hartford, Wisconsin, perhaps gained the most popular national attention, whatever greater importance other products may have had within their special fields. These cars were produced during the period of growth of automobile consciousness and effect, from 1906 to 1931, after the initial period of experimental wonder and before cars were quite, as now, taken for granted.

The best-known Kissel automobile was undoubtedly the loud yellow speedster of 1919-1927, popularly called the "Gold Bug." The question of whether this car was in the best of taste depended on the point of view and had analogies in contemporary judgment of, say, wearing apparel and deportment. It was the car which John O'Hara, in one of his racier short stories, would have his character drive when he wanted to classify him as an exhibitionist too irresponsible or of too questionable a background to be invited to the homes of the best old families.

But the Kissel factory produced, both before and after the Gold Bug, a variety of conservative cars, and their well-deserved reputation was based on superior workmanship rather than flashy eye appeal. The period of Kissel production just about spanned the development of two quite distinct phases of automobile popularity and effect: automobiles as showy status symbols for those who could thus display their ability to pay and automobiles as practical transportation for those who had to get around, especially in rural areas.

Imported automobiles, chiefly French, were initially purchased in the late 1890's by the same Society people who were known for their horse show and fancy carriage activities, millionaires at Newport, R.I. and elsewhere. Originally, automobiling was a sport, and it was quite the attention-getting thing for the more adventuresome daughters and matrons to be known as drivers of their own cars. Chauffeurs came later; at first, prudent owners took a mechanic along as passenger when they went for an outing. This sporting aspect, in much the same spirit as yachting, continued with various forms of ostentation for some time and in some measure persists today. And there were innumerable stunts, some in the interest of performance and more aimed at personal publicity.

In 1919, W. W. ("Brownie") Rowland of the *Milwaukee Journal,* driving a Kissel Gold Bug, "raced" an airplane from Marshfield to Milwaukee. Rowland was granted a three-hour headstart handicap, and won. In 1915, Anita King, a Paramount motion picture actress and stunt girl, was allegedly the first woman to drive alone in an automobile from the West Coast to New York. The car was furnished by Kissel and she was followed, at a suitable distance, by another car containing studio publicity men and photographers to record her programmed adventures. Show business people and prominent citizens alike were quick and vain to show their cars. Our files of historical photographs include many which claim to show the first car in this or that city.

(Photo from the collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin)

We do not know the details or names connected with our illustration. It shows a Kissel of about 1910, the open tonneau model similar to the 60 horse-power, 6-cylinder "semi-racer," which as a two-seater was the forerunner of the Gold Bug. Kissel models vary greatly and distinctive characteristics changed with the years. But our picture with the four young men, probably a company photograph, seems definitely of the ostentatious phase of automobile experience, in faultless taste.

Once out of admiring sight down the road, however, the situation abruptly changed to a fight for survival. No mechanic to take along, every likelihood of tire trouble or worse, no AAA service, mud, rocks, sand, ruts, ridicule and getting lost. The cartoon pages were crowded with references to getting out and under, frightened horses, and cars ignominiously hauled homeward by horses or mules. But it was the pleasure-driving sports who caught the ridicule. The working drivers, country doctors and farmers, fighting and chugging their way through in the cheaper plainest cars, were mainly unsung heroes.

David L. Cohn, in *Combustion on Wheels; an informal history of the automobile age* (Houghton Mifflin, 1944), has written one of the most readable books on the often-stated social influence of automobiles in American life. He has most interesting discussions of the opposition of narrow, change-resisting farmers (eventually such beneficiaries) to automobiles and formation of the Anti-Automobile League, credit buying, shopping habits, church attendance, family life, tourist trade, sex, crime, fraud in insurance claims and such matters. A good, technically detailed history of the Kissel Motor Car Company of Hartford, Wis. is E. E. Husting's article *25-year History: Kissel,* in *Antique Automobile* (magazine) for September and October, 1961.

Interest in vintage and classic cars has been active among collectors, clubs and writers, manifested in parades, contests, tours, *concours d'élegance,* exchanges, restorations, technical dedication and books of color plates. To see the stage which this historical specialty has now reached, look up a photograph of the new (1960-61) automobile museum in Turin, Italy which could easily be mislabelled as a national museum of arts or sciences. I have not seen their catalog, but I am sure they have one or more Kissels.

". . . of the ostentatious phase of automobile experience, in faultless taste."

ANTIMYCIN
FRIEND or FOE?

By George Becker

Antimycin A is the new, highly-touted fish toxicant. Derived from a common fungus, and being organic, it breaks down within days in the natural environment. It has won accolades for being a selective toxin. It has been used against some target fish species, leaving the nontarget forms unharmed.

Antimycin is extremely toxic—even levels of only a couple of parts per billion (ppb) are deadly to some species of fish. It kills quickly and cleanly. Once the fish shows distress, the process is irreversible. It does not drive fish ahead of the treatment slug. In other words, the fish do not show avoidance reaction. It bears the approval of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). It appears to be without question the best, most effective, fish toxicant we have today.

With all of these good marks, why the bitter controversy between the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR) and environmental groups such as the Citizens Natural Resources Association and the Southern Wisconsin Wetlands Association? Why has one biology teacher referred to the DNR's program as "pollution of the most vicious kind"? Why has a highly respected former president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters privately termed poisoning programs "immoral"? Why is there disagreement on the part of some biologists and ecologists within DNR itself?

The opposition to the DNR policy maintains that there are priorities other than the improvement of fishing. Both conservationists and environmentalists say: "We have only one environment!" As important as it is to supply game and panfish for fishermen, is it not more important to protect our aquatic environments? As the policy statement of the Governor's Study Committee on the Use of Fish Toxicants notes, "The primary goal in the management of all our living resources must be to protect and enhance the integrity of ecosystems." Such life systems are in the air, upon and within the soil, and in our many lakes and streams. The Committee thus recommends that many aquatic habitats and natural communities must be preserved if we are to provide for education, research and esthetic enjoyment.

Natural, untampered aquatic habitats such as must have existed in Wisconsin 100 years ago scarcely exist. The hand of man has leaned heavily upon the land, its streams and lakes. In Southeastern Wisconsin, many lakes have become highly polluted. Fishing has dropped off. Fish composition has changed. Algal blooms scum the surface. As we look at lake after lake it seems apparent that we are in a "hell of a mess." Something has to be done. In this we are all agreed. However, we are not agreed on the methods for meeting the problem.

First we must be aware of an inescapable biological fact: Plant and animal life in nature are intertwined in a very complex web of living matter. For instance, the largemouth bass is at the end of a rather long and delicate food chain beginning with a one-celled alga and moving through tiny crustaceans, carnivorous insects, frog and finally bass. Each organism mentioned is involved in its own complex web of life.

Tied in with the web is great plant and animal diversity. Ecologists tell us that the healthiest natural systems are those with the greatest number of species. A natural marsh, river, trout pond or stream may have a wide variety of algae; aquatic plants, both under water and emergent; invertebrate animals, like crayfish and their miniature relatives; snails; clams; frogs and salamanders; snakes; turtles; birds and mammals. This wide variety of plants and animals makes available to the mink, muskrat, walleye and northern pike a greater assortment of food items, a variety for all seasons of the year. It is the business of the habitat manager to promote, wherever possible, this diversity.

One thing is for sure—we have to start from the point where we are. It is amazing how many native species of fish remain, for instance, even in waters which have become seriously polluted. Last year we made a fish survey of the Rock River from Horicon down to the Illinois line. We found 47 species of fish. They are, to our knowledge, the normal complement of fishes always

(Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources Photo)

Antimycin-killed rough fish float offshore in Fox Lake after a fish population rehabilitation project.

found in the river. Among these were the northern pike, walleye, smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, white and black crappie, bullhead species, catfish, white and yellow bass, green sunfish, pumpkinseed and bluegill.

How do you preserve the diversity which remains? Is this accomplished by sending a slug of antimycin down hundreds of miles of mainstream and tributaries?

As was mentioned, antimycin is a selective toxicant; that is, more toxic to some species of fish than to others. It can kill carp at concentrations of 5 ppb. However, at formulations of 15 ppb—which is that generally used by the DNR—there is near total fish kill. Only bullheads, catfish, bowfin and gars remain. Even formulations of 5 ppb are within the sensitivity of most species of fish.

In the field testing of antimycin at 10 ppb it was found that microcrustaceans suffered over 99% mortality. At 15 ppb which species of animals will go under completely? In the post-treatment study of the East Branch of the Rock River there was a reported 62% mortality of clams within 40 days after treatment and 80% mortality after 65 days. Of the 11 species of clams, the slipper shell clam was completely eliminated by the 27th day after treatment. Since part of the life cycle of a clam moves through a fish, and since the poisoning program called for total fish eradication, it appears that the entire clam population may be doomed.

Threatened by the poisoning of the Rock River and Horicon Marsh is one of the most unique bird resources within the State of Wisconsin. Four Mile Island carries a strong population of black-crowned night herons, great blue herons and American egrets. A pre-treatment study by a competent wildlife biologist reported, "There is going to be a severe food shortage for possibly two breeding seasons and the herons may leave the rookery for several years."

Canada used the poison DDT against the blackfly, which makes a living hell for both man and beast. The Canadians figured that they would knock out this pest. They were right. That season it was brought under control. But to their dismay, three years later they found that their stream was now producing 17 times the blackflies it produced originally. Too late, they discovered that they had totally eradicated certain caddisflies which fed on the blackflies and held them in check.

The case of the blackfly is only one illustration of an ecosystem upset by man. The natural balance of nature had been disrupted and the original sin became worse. Instead of improvement, man's sophisticated spraying devices, using the most "advanced" poison produced by science, actually added to man's problems.

One of the most serious gaps in our knowledge of nature is in the mechanics and biology of flowing water—the river systems. Many federal funds are going into research which will provide us with knowledge and answers. Can we, in our present ignorance, afford to hit rivers with massive doses of poisons? Isn't this like trying to fix a

defective engine by striking it with a sledgehammer?

Toxicants, whether natural or artificial, may have deleterious side effects. There is nothing sacred about rotenone and antimycin, which currently carry EPA and FDA approval. They are not miracle poisons. They cannot create. It is their job to destroy. Despite $800,000 spent in research on antimycin, we understand best its effects against fish. *Our knowledge of long-term effects against other organisms is imperfect, to say the least.*

Antimycin was first field-tested in Wisconsin waters in 1966. Since then it has been slugged through many hundreds of miles of natural waterways, including entire river basins. After such "successful" experiments as the Fox-Beaver Dam treatments, they have proceeded to other sites. Last year the DNR moved antimycin through 50 miles of the famous Tomorrow-Waupaca River and over 200 miles of the upper Rock River. Hailed as a panacea, one massive poisoning follows another with no true knowledge or appreciation of the total effect upon the environment. Today's map of the southern half of Wisconsin is riddled with antimycin projects.

The poisoning program was moving into third gear when the governor of Wisconsin placed a moratorium on all poisoning until a sensible procedure could be identified. The governor's committee recommended that, "Every reasonable effort must be made to protect and preserve all nontarget species of plants and animals because species are an irreplaceable resource."

Unfortunately, the application of fish toxicants has never been very selective. Since the early 1940's, thousands of miles of lakes and streams have been treated in Wisconsin. Our numbers of fish species have been dwindling in those waters. To get rid of carp or some other problem fish, we let unique, rare and endangered species fall by the wayside.

Except for game and panfish species, there has developed in our state a very callous outlook toward our valuable fish fauna. Wisconsin has 154 species of fish. Of these, the author considers 37 species in trouble while thirteen species are extinct or endangered; 14 are rare, 4 are depleted and 5 are indeterminate.

Before the poisoning of 230 miles of the East Branch of the Rock River last August, there were 43 known species of fishes present. No attempt was made to save any species. How many are present today? How many will there be 10 years from now? Do any native species remain in the self-reproducing trout stream of Allenton Creek, Washington County's previous trout water? Did unique species like the pearl dace, mottled sculpin and fantail darter have no value?

No attempt was made to save a population of the longear sunfish from the East Branch of the Rock, although it was one of the last four populations known from the State of Wisconsin. Nor was any attempt made to save the redfin shiner or the least darter. Both species are rapidly declining in distribution and numbers in Wisconsin.

Only two authenticated inland populations of the greater redhorse are known from Wisconsin. When we called attention to the threat against the Tomorrow River population prior to last year's poisoning, the DNR took no notice. Nor were any steps made to preserve from possible drawdown damage the only known population of the western sand darter in the Great Lakes basin.

The DNR has consistently argued that seed populations of such fishes are left unaffected in untreated tributaries. For a few species this may be true. However, for those forms which are confined to the big water of the mainstream–all of which has been treated–the argument is unrealistic. Would it not be more advisable to carefully analyze the impact of past poisonings before proceeding further?

For those who are critical of "undue" concern with the "little, unimportant fishes" in our state, a quote from the review of *A Blueprint For Survival* (Saturday Review, March 18, 1972) warns:

> ...with some 500,000 man-made chemicals in use, entire ecosystems may be endangered in ways that we cannot imagine; no fewer than 280 species of mammals and 350 of birds are already threatened with extinction. To those who insist that man's survival "is surely more important than that of an eagle or a primrose," the report says, "we repeat that *Homo sapiens* himself depends on the continued resilience of those ecological networks of which eagles and primroses are integral parts."

Aldo Leopold put it another way: "The outstanding scientific discovery of the twentieth century is not television, or radio, but the complexity of the land organism. The last world in ignorance is the man who says of an animal or plant: 'What good is it?' "

Let us now examine the fish which has become the central character of our drama. Like most fishes, the carp has little to say in its own defense; but it doesn't hesitate telegraphing its presence through a successful reproductive system which results in billowing numbers. That carp are problem fish is not to be denied. They do best in silted waters and, through rooting, add to its cloudiness. Fish managers claim that in the past, carp were held in balance through northerns, gars and bowfins. Such biological controls, coupled with mechanical removal, siltation control and habitat restoration, will go a long way toward depressing carp populations and elevating populations of game and panfishes.

But we cannot hold the carp responsible for all deterioration in a system like the Rock River and its tributaries. If the carp suffers a severely eroded image, part of the blame must rest with fish managers who focus their venom on that species. Carp are called rough fish, trash fish, hogs of the waterways, destroyers of the environment, polluters, nuisances and pests. They are cited as responsible for rooting and tearing bottom muds and for a long, long shopping list of evils. As a matter of fact, the story has been so well told, that the carp is frequently equated with pollution. To the public, "carp" and "pollution" have become synonyms.

The implication seems to be, "Get rid of the carp and we get rid of pollu-

tion." People tend, for example, to look for a rejuvenated, pollution-free Rock River as a result of the poisoning program. Unfortunately, such will not be the case.

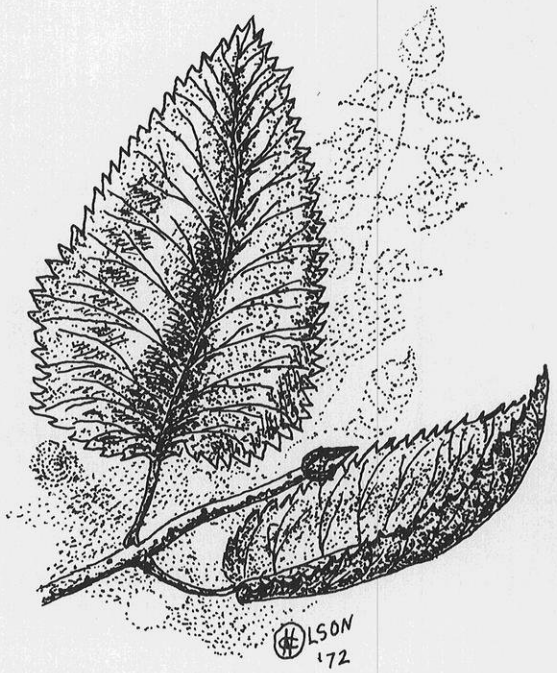
When all the fish are eradicated through the use of fish poison, we frequently see the water clear in a miraculous fashion. We may even have good fishing for a few years. It will appear that our patient, the river, has been restored to health. Such spectacular change deals only with the symptoms, not with the disease itself. The water chemistry remains much the same. The debris littering the bottom of the stream; the trampled banks; the widespread flats; the silted-in channel; the effluent pipes pouring raw, untreated or partially treated sewage–all are still there. The treatment is only an aspirin; it makes the patient look good, but the basic problems remain.

And there is still another consideration. Antimycin-killed fish are not recommended for consumption. This means that ton after ton of high-protein food must be buried. In a protein-hungry world in which starvation is a reality, can we afford to discard humanitarian concerns? In parts of Europe and Asia, the carp and its allies are delicacies. To their credit, DNR has tried to promote carp cookery and consumption. Although this has met with little public acceptance, efforts to promote and expand programs for popularizing the fine qualities of carp and other fishes should continue.

Antimycin does have useful application. Where used in confined and limited areas–such as hatchery ponds, artificial ponds, small lakes with stunted run-away populations of perch, and spawning concentrations of problem fishes–it can be a valuable management tool. However, when the "hatchery syndrome" (expansion of the hatchery pond concept to include natural waters) is promoted, when poisoning programs are prescribed for massive stream and reservoir systems, when natural diversity is destroyed simply to provide "good fishing and hunting," when programs are advanced without understanding impact on the many intricate and fragile life systems, when the very survival of man and the organisms upon which he depends are threatened, when the valuable products of poisoning are wasted and rendered useless–then it seems there must be a serious reordering of priorities.

William Ruckelshaus, director of the Environmental Protection Agency, recently said, "Maintaining the life systems of our earth is our most sacred task." We are not the only generation –hopefully others will follow. We have a responsibility to them. We must leave intact as much as we can. There is no second chance. There is no other alternative.

George Becker is curator of fishes at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point. A second view of the use of fish toxicants will be presented in the summer issue of the Review.



Color – Spoken Thought

By Lowell E. Noland

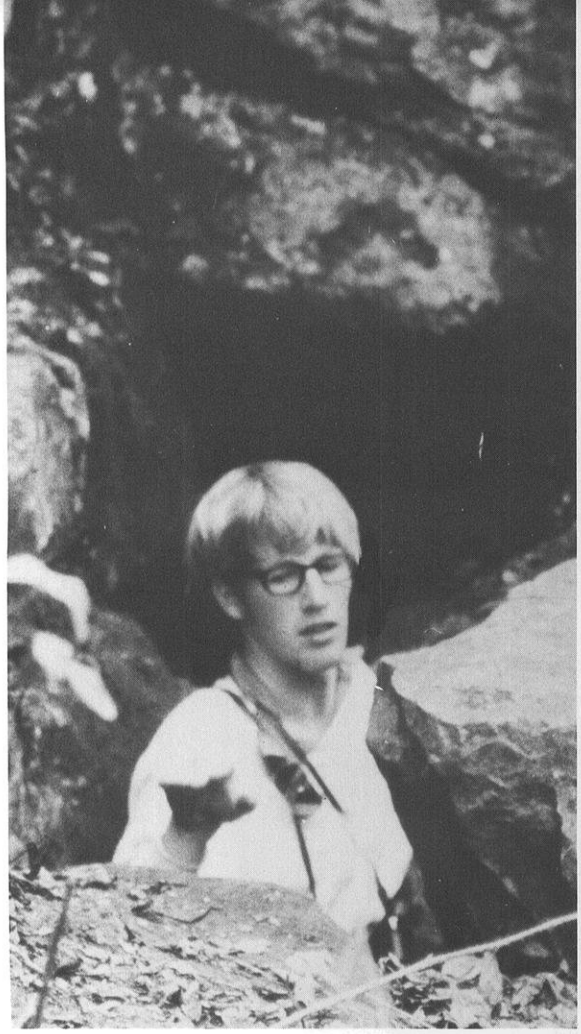
Beauty is such an evanescent thing,
And all too few are they who have the art
To catch her fleeting moods and to impart
A permanence to treasures vanishing.

We walk through nature's loveliness alone,
And pass her sacred temples unaware –
Until the artist lifts his hand, and there
We find a charm that we had never known.

We see more through the eyes of other souls,
More gifted than our own, than we perceive
By our own sight; through them our hearts retrieve
The gold that from the wealth in heaven rolls.

Such loveliness with brush and pigment caught
Lives on beyond the hand that gave it birth;
And through the centuries the barren earth
Is quickened by a color-spoken thought.

Although Lowell E. Noland (1896-1972) was well-known as a zoologist and teacher, he also pursued a lesser-known, lifelong interest in poetry. "Color-Spoken Thought" reflects the rare humility of a man who was, himself, able to "catch her fleeting moods and to impart a permanence to treasures vanishing."



Wisconsin Underground

"dark, unfathom'd caves"

By William Cronon

In the tens of thousands of years that have passed since man first found his way underground, no one has adequately defined the power it holds over him. We discover it only by feeling it ourselves, by passing beneath a moss-covered sinkhole into the darkness of the cave. Once inside, we find a world with which we have no certain familiarity, carved by water and acid and time, filled with cold rock and night. And while it is this unfamiliarity that makes us shiver as the last patch of grey daylight disappears behind us, it is also what draws us onward. This is perhaps the most inhuman place on earth. In an age bewildered by the bulk of its own humanity, such a world is more and more hungrily sought after.

This has not always been true. Man's activities in Wisconsin caves go back very far indeed; if archeological evidence is to be accepted, such small Wisconsin caves as Raddatz and Durst Rockshelters of Sauk County, Samuel's Cave of LaCrosse County, and Indian Cave of Richland County have been inhabited off and on during the past 8000 years. But the nature of his past use of these caves is very different from that of today. For the Indian, such caves were both home and shelter. For the white settler, they were little more than bits of color added to the routine of frontier existence.

Color was excitement, and even in those days something was needed to break the tedium of a day. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* of 23 April 1850 could easily excite its readers with the report of:

> *A mammoth cave. The citizens of Dane County, Wisconsin, are all in a fever heat relative to the discoveries made by an exploring party for 5 days journeying in a cave in that county returned with extravagent stories and a few specimens of silver and lead. According to their account of the matter, it is a perfect cabinet of wealth and wonder.*

No matter if such reports were heavily exaggerated—or even blatant lies—the thought of such a cave was enough to keep the "fever heat" going for at least a few days, and people were happier thinking it might exist than knowing it did not.

Wisconsin has no "mammoth" caves. The thinness of its dolomitic bedrocks, the glaciation of much of its area, the periglacial effects of runoff, frost action, and subsequent erosion have all contributed to the smallness and paucity of its caves. Where it might once have possessed large cavern systems, the cyclic return of the glaciers managed to crush and fill them. Where the direct action of the glacier has not recently occurred – in the so-called "Driftless Area" of southwestern Wisconsin—the runoff from the glacial melt eroded away cavern systems with much the same effect. As a result the state has very few caves, all small in size. While Wisconsin may have 350 to 400 caves all told, states such as Kentucky and Tennessee have many thousands; while no Wisconsin cave is over 2000 feet long, caves in other areas are frequently many miles in length.

A cave need not be large to become a legend, and Wisconsin has a great many legends. Some are obviously

Gates have been erected at a handful of Wisconsin's cave entrances . . .

false: the *Sentinel* report of a five-day journey into what is now called Richardson's Cave is clearly erroneous. One can also be suspicious of a similar *Sentinel* report, dated 19 January 1872, of a cave near Markesan, in Green Lake County, which seems to come straight out of the Arabian Nights: "So far the investigation of the new wonder has been confined to the entrance, no one being able to get inside the cave on account of not having the password."

There are other legends more difficult to pin down. Coon Rock Cave, west of Mazomanie, is reported to extend two miles through its Wisconsin River bluff, but today can only be entered to a distance of 210 feet. It supposedly contains hidden passages, trapdoors, and rooms used by counterfieter-kidnappers in the mid-1800's to protect their hide-out. The same stories say that it contains a buried fortune in Indian gold, and the pits around its entrance indicate that more than a few have taken the stories seriously. Bogus Cave, near Gotham, is also said to have harbored counterfieters during one period of its history.

A University of Wisconsin geology student named E. G. Lange wrote in 1909 of a "lost passage" in Eagle Cave, near Muscoda, which had collapsed two years previously. People have been looking for it ever since. An 80 foot pit two miles southeast of Dodgeville, supposedly filled with beautiful formations and underground streams, was described in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of 18 November 1859. What has happened to it? When will someone rediscover the beautiful cave near Millville reported in the *Sentinel* of 8 May 1857? Where is the peculiar "lost cave near Bogus Bluff" which reputedly contains "battle axes of stone, ancient pottery, whole and in fragments, flint arrows, and spears, whole and broken, everywhere?"

All of this is not to suggest that most Wisconsin caves are undiscovered, unexplored, and unknown. Far from it. Well over 250 caves have been catalogued in the state. A high percentage of these are small erosional caves in sandstone—over half the known caves in the state are under 100 feet in length—but the longer caves, even when separated from their particular legends, are almost as interesting as the much larger caves outside of Wisconsin.

Put like that, the sarcastic retort of some might be, "Interesting to whom?" Those who have visited many caves, who know the caves in other parts of the country, find very little of "interest" in the tiny holes of this state. Those who have never visited a wild cave react to the mud, the dampness, the one foot ceilings, the darkness, and particularly the bats with something short of enthusiasm—they too have little "interest" in Wisconsin caves. So perhaps the question is worth repeating: "To whom are caves, our Wisconsin caves, of interest?"

There are a few. Hard-core Wisconsin cavers return to them for variable periods of time, doing so less and less as they graduate to those larger caves elsewhere. A number of college students follow leaders of their outing clubs into the more popular caves, most never pursuing the sport any further. Some teenagers make their way into the shadows for a weekend's lark, leaving empty beer cans and midnight candles strewn about as a monument of their age. And there are the old farmers, the wrinkled explorers of an-

. . . to protect what remains of formations such as these.

other generation, who visit caves today only in the stories they tell as you sit with them at a barren table to share a cup of black coffee. These are the few: those who tell the stories and, among them, those who listen.

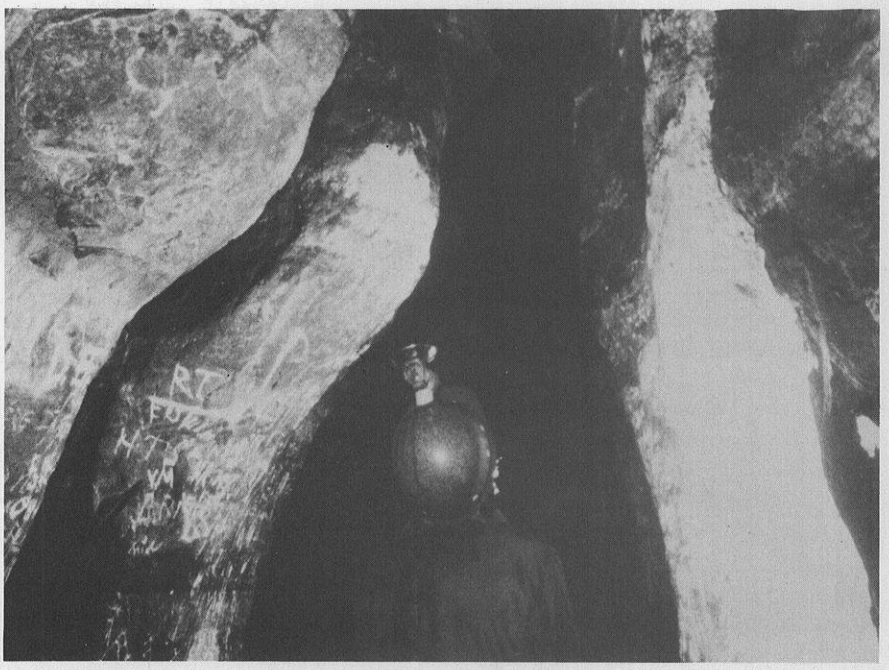
A few of them tell only of how beautiful a particular cave is or was. Three names find their way into such stories far more often than not: Sauk County's Bear Creek Cave, Dane County's Cave of the Mounds, and Iowa County's Apple Hill Cave No. 2. All three were opened within the last 45 years in quarrying operations, and Bear Creek Cave and Cave of the Mounds were both gated soon after their opening as protection from vandalism. Accounts of these three continue to ring true: the peculiar stone forms still emerge unexpectedly from their ceilings, floors, and all the unlikely places in between. As for the other Wisconsin caves we might once have called beautiful, only the old men speak of them. They suffer the inevitable accompaniments of human traffic: broken, scratched, and stolen formations; broken glass; empty beer cans; cigarette wrappers; worn-out flashlight batteries; graffiti. Even if caves are an essentially inhuman segment of the earth, they become the victims of man's callousness as easily as the water, the forest, and the sky.

Stories told of other caves do not speak of how beautiful they are. They contain vivid descriptions of thick mud oozing beneath the knees and belly of the cave-crawling visitor, of passages half-filled with dark and cold water which leaves the caver six inches of breathing space, of cave rats that skitter away as the sleeping explorer turns over in his sleeping bag at night, of long empty rooms where the carbide lamp produces more shadow than light. More than one will remember a wary eye cast on a peeling ton of rock hanging over the only passage which returns to daylight, and the storyteller will smile a little uncomfortably at his own tale, unable to conceal his embarrassment at an overactive imagination.

Strange fears pull on one here, down below. Few of us care to admit it, but this place troubles us – there are *things* moving in those shadows, things which we cannot quite define, things following quietly behind us and laughing silently as we glance uneasily over our shoulders; things, we suspect, which we have met before, late at night in a bedroom long ago.

This is the inhumanity of the underworld, the design which keeps us from taking it over as we have everything else. This is what we return for. Here we find only water, rock, and shadow. We are never quite a home with any of the three.

Goethe once remarked that "What is beneath the earth is quite as natural as what is above ground, and he who cannot summon spirits in the daytime under the open sky will not evoke them at midnight in a vault." True as this may be, one cannot help thinking that our daydreams are less precarious than our nightmares, and sanity is less easily held when caught in darkness. If there is nothing else about them, we must say that caves are the storyteller's world; that they, more than most other places, are only what we would tell of them. They are transformed by we who enter them, and we by them.



Autograph Cave—". . . the inevitable accompaniments of human traffic: broken, scratched and stolen formations . . . graffiti."

Bill Cronon, a student at the UW-Madison, has explored many U.S. caves, contributed to the Madison Public Schools Local Materials Center and is active in WASAL committee work. Photographs by Ron Austin.

The Wisconsin Speleological Society (WSS), an independent organization affiliated with the National Speleological Society, has as its stated purpose "to advance the preservation, study, and recreational use of caves in Wisconsin." Partially funded by the Wisconsin Geological Survey, WSS operates the Wisconsin Cave Survey, publishes the *Wisconsin Speleologist* three times a year, and runs a meeting the first Wednesday of each month during the school year in the auditorium of the State Historical Society in Madison. People interested in caves or in submitting information to the Cave Survey may either attend one of these meetings or address correspondence to the Wisconsin Speleological Society in care of the Wisconsin Geological Survey, 1815 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin, 53706.

POINT OF INFLECTION

A GUEST COLUMN OF VIEWS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

To introduce the new column on environmental concerns for readers of the Wisconsin Academy Review, I have chosen to highlight the National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) of 1969. This federal legislation is destined to influence many issues in Wisconsin and most members of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. The Act as approved was, to some extent, a composite of several bills considered by Congress in 1968 and 1969. When it finally passed many people did not fully realize the number of features contained in a few pages and their significance for citizens, industry and the environment.

The law has two major features. Title II establishes the three-man Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) with responsibility for encouraging the government to comply with NEPA and for advising the President on environmental affairs. Title I is a broad statement of policy to the effect that government should seek to protect and enhance the environment by "all practical means." What lends strength to these lofty intentions is the action provision of section 102 that requires government agencies to prepare and file with CEQ detailed statements of the environmental effects of any major action they propose, and to study all practical alternatives.

Two of the purposes of the Act as set forth in the preamble are worth quoting:

"To promote efforts which will prevent or eliminate damage to the environment and biosphere and stimulate health and welfare of man; and to enrich the understanding of the ecological systems and natural resources important to the nation."

Section 101 of the Act further provides that the federal government shall use all practical means to:

"fulfill the responsibilities of each generation as trustee of the environment for succeeding generations; attain the widest range of beneficial uses of the environment without degradation, risk to health or safety, or other undesirable and unintended consequences; and enhance the quality of renewable resources and approach the maximum attainable recycling of depletable resources."

The environmental impact statements, required under Section 102, are the primary means by which information on proposed developments was to be distributed to other federal and state agencies, as well as citizens. A limited number of copies are distributed for "comment", but submissions of drafts statements as well as final statements are noted in the nationally circulated *102 Monitor*. This is a monthly summary of the progress on environmental impact statements, summarized by agency and state affected. A significant number of members of the Wisconsin Academy undoubtedly have sets of the *102 Monitor* dating from the first issue of February 1971 and, if not, they are available in some state offices and libraries. Unfortunately, free distribution had to be terminated with the February 1972 issue. Henceforth, the *102 Monitor* will be available at an annual subscription fee of $6.50 (60¢ per single copy) from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office.

The greatest effect of the NEPA, however, has been through the court actions for further review that now have standing under its apparent intent. There have been a great many; and a number of federal agencies and Washington legislators, who feel the Act is delaying certain public works, may soon seek amendments. The cases that have been brought to a decision indicate that the courts are taking the intent of the Act very seriously.

Perhaps the most important decision to date resulted from an action brought by the Calvert Cliffs Coordinating Committee against the Atomic Energy Commission. It questioned the limited environmental impact analysis carried out by the AEC in relation to a proposed nuclear reactor at Calvert Cliffs, Maryland, and its potential effects on Chesapeake Bay. The three-man Court of Appeals' decision denounced the AEC for making a "mockery" of the intent of NEPA, and concluded "that the (AEC) Commission must go further than it has in its present rules." It went on to say "all we demand is that the environmental review be as full and fruitful as possible."

The fact that the AEC chose not to appeal the Calvert Cliffs decision, and has taken giant steps toward implementing genuinely effective analyses of the environmental impact of nuclear reactors and of their alternatives, is a

change of great significance to everyone concerned with environmental issues. It is only one of numerous indications of the early success of the NEPA legislation.

Equally important have been a number of decisions concerned with resource development, including logging in national forests, mining and proposed dam construction by the Corps of Engineers. One of the most significant river impoundment cases is that of the Environmental Defense Fund versus the Corps of Engineers concerning construction of the Gillham Dam in Arkansas. The court held that the environmental impact statement filed by the COE was inadequate in view of the intent of NEPA, and enjoined further construction until the Corps carried out a more complete analysis.

These decisions under the NEPA of 1969 should be followed closely by everyone with environmental concerns in Wisconsin. The decisions are important to ecology, environmental chemistry, water pollution, transportation and power, because of the high standards of environmental analysis now required at the State as well as the Federal levels. The level of analysis required will lead to application of the principles of good environmental management we have worked for over a period of decades.

The decisions are important for the general public because all citizens must now participate in the evaluation of the alternatives posed by the environmental impact statements, and must insist on as thorough an analysis as possible within the time available for choosing.

Finally, the record of litigation under NEPA is particularly important for everyone concerned with utilizing litigation to control threats to the environment, whether in the form of a dam on the Kickapoo River, construction of a highway through the Kettle Moraine Forest or a navy communications system. The operation of the NEPA of 1969 can be followed very well by periodic reading of the *102 Monitor*, and I heartily recommend it.

Orie Loucks, Institute for Environmental Studies, University of Wisconsin, Madison.

VIS-A-VIS

By James R. Batt, executive director of the Wisconsin Academy.

I am beginning to feel my years.

I can even recall when "long hair" was a reference (frequently derisive) to things intellectual, not to the description of an NFL defensive tackle. I think I might have been the last of that generation which grew up with lead soldiers, window card communication with the iceman, potbellied coal burners, radio theater, quarantine signs, and what-have you.

But things change—or, rather, some things change. Others are seemingly timeless. And I guess we are, generally, the better for the both.

The many components which make up a society seem fairly well to follow the dictate of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "We must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, not drift, nor lie at anchor." And those who fail to seize the tide may be stranded on the shores of the past.

New ports beckon. The breezes are up; the tide is high—and the moment is now. The Wisconsin Academy must strike out on a course which will mark it as a vessel for service to the current and future needs of its membership and the citizens of Wisconsin.

How, specifically, might we do this? I should appreciate your reactions to the following possibilities, all or most of which have been discussed by our Long-Range Planning Committee and by the Academy Council:

• *Re-organization of the Operating Structure of the Academy:* There is a need to assure greater member input in the nomination and election of WASAL governing representatives and a need to organize a body of members who can serve as a kind of executive committee to work with the staff on day-to-day program decision-making.

• *Expansion of WASAL Programming:* The menu of an annual and a fall gathering each year should be supplemented by a well-thought-out program of seminars, field trips, special conferences, etc.

• *Consideration of a Chapter System:* In those geographical areas where membership is sufficient in number and where there is interest, the Academy might selectively experiment with the organization of WASAL chapters, which would be provided basic funding, staff assistance and the opportunity to program for regional needs and interests.

• *Enlargement of the Academy Membership:* The Academy is, ultimately, only as strong and viable as its membership. Longtime members have been, and will continue to be, the glue of our existence. But our future must inevitably rest in the hearts and hands of new members, members representing a variety of career or disciplinary interests. Economically, we can operate more efficiently with 5,000 members than with 1,500. And surely there are 5,000, 15,000 or 50,000 citizens of Wisconsin who can profit by and, in turn, promote the work of the Academy so that it is truly a statewide organization.

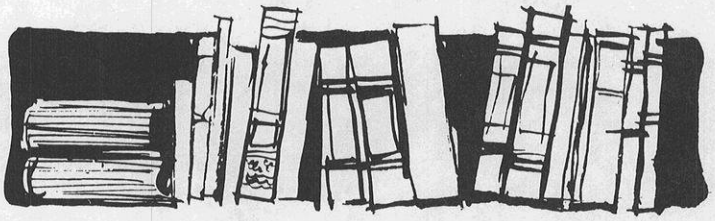
• *Improvement of Academy Communications:* Despite the limitations of staff size, ways must be found whereby the Wisconsin Academy Review can continue its evolution toward a regular and lively publication of the sciences, arts and letters in Wisconsin. TRANSACTIONS should continue toward a course of presentation of a balanced diet of significant and scholarly papers. New modes of communication (radio, TV, newsletter) must be considered and new publics served.

• *Service to the State:* Should the Academy develop new roles and relationships with the state government to better serve all citizens of Wisconsin? Are there special study projects which we might undertake more appropriately than other agencies because of our inherent objective nature?

• *Cooperation with other Scientific and Cultural Groups:* Opportunity abounds for cooperative programming with the many other scientific and cultural groups in Wisconsin, many of them more "special interest" in nature. Might the Academy usefully become, eventually, a kind of "umbrella" organization wherein no group loses its autonomy but gains in services, publicity and cooperative programming?

It is more difficult to draw such a listing to a close than it is to expand it. What are your thoughts on these subjects—or others not listed?

Perhaps, with George Bernard Shaw, we must dream things that never were and ask, "Why not?" It was through such dreaming that the Academy was founded, and so it will be by dreams and action that we carve our future.



"DEAR LADY": THE LETTERS OF FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER AND ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER, 1910–1932. Edited by Ray Allen Billington. (Huntington Library, San Marino, 1970. 487 pp. Illustrations, notes, index. $10.00.)

This handsome volume has few, if any, of those forbidding characteristics so often displayed by collections of letters. The major reason is the wide-ranging intellectual curiosity and the perceptions of the two correspondents. Frederick Jackson Turner needs no introduction to Wisconsin readers. Determining to leave the university of his native state as a protest against the regents' assaults upon research activities, in 1910 he accepted a chair at Harvard. Eagerly awaiting his arrival was Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper, who had spent much of her childhood at the Iowa home of her father, Charles Elliott Perkins, the president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. Although she had spent most of her adult life in New England, Mrs. Hooper had never lost her love for the West, and she hoped to obtain Turner's opinion on a proposed memorial to her father—an annual donation of funds to purchase books and manuscripts in Western history for the Harvard Library. For Turner, now far from the riches of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, such a suggestion could not have failed to be attractive. Their first meeting launched not only the Harvard Commission on Western History, but also "an intellectual companionship," as Ray Allen Billington observes, "that was to reward both for the next quarter of a century." These letters document that friendship.

The early letters in the volume are dominated by the problems of the Harvard Commission. Turner professed himself to be convinced that Mrs. Hooper's gift could be "the means of making Harvard a unique center, in important respects, for understanding how the West was built up." And Mrs. Hooper, modestly insisting upon her "mental limitations," wrote that "I like best not to be seen or heard but to do if I can do anything to help on this worthwhile cause." As their friendship deepened, Mrs. Hooper's formal salutation "Dear Mr. Turner" had become "Dear Historicus" or "Dear History One," just as Turner had warmed from "Dear Mrs. Hooper" to the characteristic "Dear Lady" of the book's title. The Commission's bright promise, however, was soon darkened; a lack of adequate funds, the indifference of the Harvard administration, Western hostility towards raids on their historical materials and the approach of the First World War combined to scuttle the enterprise.

From that point, the letters between Turner and Mrs. Hooper become shared reflections upon a wide range of topics —among them history, literature, politics and family interests—and the letters begin to reveal their authors more fully. The reader is treated not only to Turner's perceptive comments on his world but also to his surprisingly kittenish humor, while Mrs. Hooper emerges as a lady of intelligence, grace and omnivorous intellectual appetite. Quotable passages abound. During the political repressions of the First World War, for example, Turner observed that "The way to make radical revolutionists, is to shut off men who do not think conventionally, from the ordinary avenues of expression, in the University, as well as elsewhere." He wrote wistfully of his Wisconsin boyhood, recalling such experiences as "a voyage down the Wisconsin, poled by Indians in a dug out from near Wausau, and hearing a duet-like conversation between the boatmen and their squaws as we passed the Indian village—the gutteral of the buck and the sweet, clear, laughing treble of the squaw." When queried by Mrs. Hooper on the progress he was making on his book Turner replied with the eternal lament of the teaching scholar that "I fear the only 'book' will be blue books for the present." During one beautiful June, confessing that the gravitational pull of the great outdoors had proved greater than that of his study, Turner resolved to be "cheerful, and go flounderin' and clammin' and smeltin', whenever my pen refuses to do its dooty."

Mrs. Hooper, uncertain in her Republicanism, could confide to her Democratic friend that "There was great power in [Theodore Roosevelt's life] for good and bad in one sense dangerous such a personality must be. He certainly changed the face of things and was not wholly sane." She wished, she wrote on another occasion, that she could paint. Woodrow Wilson would be the central figure in her canvas, "subtle in not too colorful academic robes—below [are] all the Scoffers—Lodge a crooked wizened old man—with a scroll or book illumined a silvered tongue! a mean small hateful

expression. . ."

The two corresponded until Turner's death in 1932. To both of them the relationship was stimulating and rewarding; as Mrs. Hooper wrote that "your friendship and the privilege of your advice and guidance have meant far more than you will ever know," so Turner responded that "I really think I should explode if I couldn't talk out a common point of view with you occasionally."

Another strength of the book is its introduction, written with Billington's usual felicity and wit. He expertly places the letters into their historical context, offering—among other things—a hilarious account of the Commission's tortuous and successful efforts to purchase—almost to capture—a fine collection on Mormon history. His careful and complete footnotes leave virtually no question unanswered.

This is a charming book. Those who read it will be grateful to Billington for permitting them to know Turner better and to be introduced to Turner's "Dear Lady," Mrs. Hooper. – *James T. King, Professor of History, UW-River Falls.* □

ARTISTS IN THE MAKING, by Frank Barron, Seminar Press, New York and London, 1972.

The profession of the artist has been a highly chancy one in virtually every era. Our own, however, has infinitely multiplied the hazards, for a number of social forces—most notably, the post-war cultural stir, the youth revolution, and the enormous expansion of educational opportunity for arts training—are in their combined impact flooding the market place with artists and would-be artists. At the same time there has been tragically little concommitant societal effort to develop the number and kind of cultural institutions that might adequately absorb and challenge even a reasonable fraction of this profusion of aspirants. In fact, our patterns of institutionalization are now by and large so anachronistic in concept and intent, that the arts in America face a deepening crisis of relevancy, whose most dramatic manifestation is the threatened financial collapse of even our most celebrated symphonies, theatres, museums, and dance companies.

While we should have every reason to expect that the new impressive energies and motivations in the arts will one day fashion the kind of viable institutional arrangements we so urgently require, that time is still undoubtedly far off. In the meantime we have literally tens of thousands of artists-in-the-making within the walls of our colleges and universities, and the statisticians tell us their number is growing ever larger. The statisticians also note that the unemployment rate of arts graduates has been climbing sharply every year over the past five.

It is within the above frame of concerns that I see special value in Frank Barron's *Artists in the Making.* A psychologist by training, who has over a number of years carried on research and investigation into the personal and professional development of young artists, particularly in college and university settings, Barron is breaking fresh ground in the whole area of vocational testing in the arts. His book discusses a number of possible tests for evaluating the aptitudes, attitudes, motivations, and personality make-ups of young prospective artists.

I have to confess at the outset to an innate hostility to the whole idea of this manner of testing in the arts. During the past decade those researchers in art education who turned too eagerly to the scientific method for hard information have had sharply disappointing results, and it has become apparent that the existential complexity of both the art object and the artist inherently resist the kind of unidimensional analysis which scientific models tend to imply. However, because Barron makes no large claims but rather quite honestly acknowledges the limitations of his investigation, and especially because his work does evidence a rather thoroughgoing understanding of aesthetics, I found myself increasingly disposed to give him a fair hearing.

Barron's claims are, in fact, most modest, and the relatively few generalizations he presents are fragmentary and tentative, raising far more questions than he answers. Wherein, then, lies the value of the book? I would think in the highlighting of the increasing need for such evaluation, and in the assertion of the possibility of coming up with more self-consciously devised methodologies for testing. I do believe he has made the kind of start which suggests that his effort may not only be valid, but sufficiently rich with promise to merit the close attention of art educators.

I shall not attempt to describe even cursorily the variety of tests which Barron employed, for to comprehend fully their design and strategy clearly requires an extensive background in psychological measurement. Suffice it to say that in the several instances where he used a number of tests in concert, the results seem to correlate mutually to a remarkable degree. Further, I suspect that they would correlate also with the best intuitions of most arts educators. The important point here is that because the tests do seem to affirm what we have long suspected, they offer the lively possibility of having a usefulness in a variety of situations where extensive screening seems desirable.

There is no doubt that danger lurks in any kind of testing. Increasingly, for example, educators are becoming aware that we have overemphasized the significance of the I.Q. test. When not sufficiently counterbalanced with other kinds of measurement, any such device can be abused. It is pertinent in this connection to note that to date, arts educators have had almost solely to depend for much of their formalized evaluation upon calipers which have reflected the concerns and objectives of *cognitive* learning. If anything then, they have had far too little opportunity to weigh those cogent factors which are most significant in the potential growth of an artist—creative talent, motivation, and the other attributes which might be lumped under the heading of "ability to survive," and which unquestionably assume particular importance amid the chaotic, irrational and often corrupt ambience of the current American art experience.

To aspire today to be a professional in any field of the arts is no longer a courageous act; it is clearly a foolhardy one. This is not to suggest that we ought to embark on a systematic campaign to discourage youngsters from entering the arts, but rather that educators perhaps need to look much more closely into the whole matter of screening and encouragement of aspirants than they have been prone to in the past. To persist in the present practice of almost indiscriminate acceptance of all interested students is without question unconscionable, for it is apparent that only those who are supremely gifted, emotionally resilient, tenaciously motivated, and superbly trained are likely to stand even the remotest chance of making careers for themselves. – *Edward L. Kamarck, Professor of Theatre Arts, UW Extension.* □

CHARLES SUMNER SLICHTER, THE GOLDEN VECTOR, by Mark H. Ingraham, University of Wisconsin Press, Madison 1972. Illustrated. 316 pp. $10.00.

Charles Sumner Slichter (1864-1946), sometimes known in academic circles as "Hell-Roaring Charlie," was a member of the University of Wisconsin mathematics department from 1886 until his retirement in 1934. He became chairman of the math department in 1906 and dean of the Graduate School in 1920. Thus, for a half century he was intimately associated with the institution during a critical period of growth in strength and in size.

This is a personal biography, one which presents Dean Slichter as a human being with a balance of virtues and shortcomings, who throughout his lifetime demonstrated a zest for life. Mark Ingraham is ideally suited to write this biography and, while there may be historical scholars who deplore the lack of scholarly apparatus (a lack of which the author freely admits), he has been successful in achieving his goal. As a younger colleague of Slichter, and himself intimately involved in the affairs of the university, Ingraham has been able to shed insights on Slichter and the university which would be impossible for an outsider, no matter how diligently he might examine the Slichter papers.

Slichter comes through as a relaxed and honest person who, while hardly a great scientist in his own right, had the capacity to recognize potential in his students and his associates. He could catalyze their development without appearing to drive or to lead. As a graduate dean he could recognize policies which would have maximum benefits for his faculty.

Particularly interesting and illuminating is the chapter dealing with the creation of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation as a consequence of Professor Harry Steenbock's discovery of the capacity of ultra violet light to generate vitamin D activity in foodstuffs. The significance of WARF to the future support of scientific research at the university was grasped by only a handful of men, among whom Slichter was a leader.

Also fascinating is the final chapter dealing with Slichter as husband and father. The warmth and security of life at 636 North Frances Street is felt by the reader as he is carried through the years when four growing boys are cautioned (sometimes physically) about the hazards of ice on Lake Mendota to the retirement years when grandchildren, now mostly grown, were welcomed for a few days with "Fessor" and "Grandma Cakes."

Great universities are created by people. In order to understand the basis for greatness, biographies of key figures must be available. This biography successfully sheds light on a key period in the history of the University of Wisconsin through the activities of a key teacher and administrator. – *Aaron J. Ihde, Professor of Chemistry, ILS and History of Science, University of Wisconsin-Madison.* □

VINCE LOMBARDI: HIS LIFE AND TIMES by Robert W. Wells, Wisconsin House Ltd., Madison, Wis., Illust., 207 pp. $7.95.

"This is an age for heroes," Vince Lombardi told a meeting of the American Management Association in 1967.

Lombardi was a hero. Robert Wells invokes the names of Captain Bligh, Savonarola, Emperor Caesar Augustus, Attila the Hun, and Knute Rockne for comparisons. He also notes that "Around Green Bay and the rest of Wisconsin he was regarded as larger than life size. . ."

Vincent T. Lombardi, son of Italian immigrant parents from the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn, took a group of castoffs and rinky-dinks and transformed them into the most consistently successful team in professional football history.

Dilettantes may argue that the Green Bay Packers or professional football are not the stuff of myth and legend. However, professional football has become so much a part of the contemporary American ethos that one should read a book like this to understand why.

Wells generally avoids the stock in trade hyperbole of sports writers. Instead, he focuses on Lombardi the man, on "his life and times;" realizing that if Lombardi is indeed a legend, it is better to let his actions and record support the fact rather than try to create a legend through overinflated rhetoric.

The complex man that was Vince Lombardi immediately emerges from Wells' narrative. As the son of immigrants, he reflected the qualities of many first generation Americans–he was tough, competitive, and deeply religious. He experienced early sports notoriety as one of the Fordham University "Seven Blocks of Granite," playing right guard on one of the great collegiate teams of the 1930's. But then his life, always closely shaped by his religious beliefs, took on a Biblical aspect. He wandered in the wilderness for several years–teaching and coaching in high school, serving as an assistant coach under Col. Earl "Red" Blaik at the United States Military Academy, and then as an assistant football coach with the New York Giants. Throughout his wanderings, Lombardi gained respect for his integrity and character,

and for his knowledge of football and how to motivate his players. But the years were slipping by and he was in his middle forties, seemingly relegated to the role of perpetual, but respected lieutenant.

Then history and chance, in one of their periodic collisions, matched up Lombardi and the Packers in 1958. The bridesmaid became a bride. At age 45, Vince Lombardi was named head coach of a team that had won only one game, lost ten, and tied one the previous season. Memories are still fresh enough to recall what happened afterwards. Under Lombardi, the Packers won 89 games, while losing 29 and tying four. They won five National Football League titles, including an unprecedented three in a row (1965-67), and were victorious in the first two Super Bowl contests between the National and American football leagues.

Robert Wells describes the personal Lombardi milieu and chronicles his career in a concise, readable fashion. He also points up the complexity of the man. The locker room stories about Lombardi's incessant striving for perfection and victory are here. So are the anecdotes which help illustrate his qualities as a scholar, behavioral scientist, and tactician.

The result is a book which contains all the presumably pertinent facts one needs to know about Lombardi's life. Wells is a newspaperman (staff writer for the *Milwaukee Journal)* and it is obvious he has gone to the files and done his research. Even so, it is annoying to discover that Lombardi's successor as Packers' head coach, Phil Bengtson, is constantly referred to as Phil Bengston. This leads one to suspect that a genuine sports purist might find other, more flagrant errors.

In addition to Wells' account of Vince Lombardi's life and times, the book contains a useful season-by-season summary of the Packers games during their reign of terror under Lombardi. The text is augmented by several pictures and drawings, but they do little to add to the graphic appeal of the book. They are apparently there for the record.

IN MEMORIAM

It was quite a record. – *Arthur Hove, Assistant to the Chancellor, UW-Madison.* □

Burton E. Hotvedt, former Milwaukee advertising executive, died February 6, 1972 in Chicago. He was a vice-president of the public relations and advertising firm of Reincke, Meyer & Finn. While in Milwaukee he was formerly sales promotion manager of the Blackhawk Manufacturing Co. and a director and vice-president of Klau-Van Petersom-Dunlap Inc., an advertising and public relations firm. In 1966, when senior vice-president and director of the Brady Company in Milwaukee, he resigned to become associated with the Chicago firm. At that time he moved to Wautoma, Wisconsin and commuted from there.

Mr. Hotvedt had joined the Wisconsin Academy as a sustaining member in 1964, when the organization was beginning preparations for a membership drive to help commemorate and finance its centennial year celebration. Through his good offices, the expertise of employees of The Brady Company was of great assistance in laying out and printing an invitation to membership brochure which was used with good effect for six years. This contribution was of considerable value to the campaign for memberships and general public understanding and support of the Wisconsin Academy.

(John E. Batz Studios Photo)

Burton E. Hotvedt

A past president of the Milwaukee Advertising Club, Mr. Hotvedt formerly served on the executive committee of the Advertising Federation of America and also was vice-president and chairman of their Council on Advertising Clubs. He also had a deep and abiding interest in the conservation of Wisconsin's natural resources. – *Gertrude M. Scott.*

Honorary Life Member Farrington Daniels, UW-Madison Emeritus Professor of Chemistry, died June 23, 1972 after a long and dedicated career of service to the University and the State of Wisconsin. An international authority in his field and a brilliant teacher-researcher, Dr. Daniels received many honors and served in many positions, including the presidencies of the American Chemical Society (1953), the Geochemical Society (1958), the Solar Energy Society (1964), and the vice-presidency of the National Academy of Sciences from 1957 to 1961. Professor Daniels received the two leading awards in American Chemistry, the Priestley Medal and the Willard Gibbs Medal and authored more than 300 scientific papers and nine books. He was honored by four universities, including his own University of Wisconsin, with honorary doctor of science degrees.

In 1959, Dr. Daniels became a Life Member of the Wisconsin Academy. Subsequently, he was awarded a distinguished service citation in 1967 and was made an Honorary Life Member of the Academy in 1970.

Dr. Daniels was especially interested in exploring the potential uses of solar energy and traveled extensively to participate in conferences on the subject and to observe solar plants in operation. His influence was strongly felt in councils of government and the results are now being reflected in recently an-

Farrington Daniels

nounced programs of federal funding for research in solar energy.

By his own calculations, Farrington Daniels was halfway between being a hero and a crackpot. As he once put it: "A man who is five years ahead of his time is a hero. If he's 50 years ahead of his time, he's a crackpot. I figure I'm about 25 years ahead of my time."

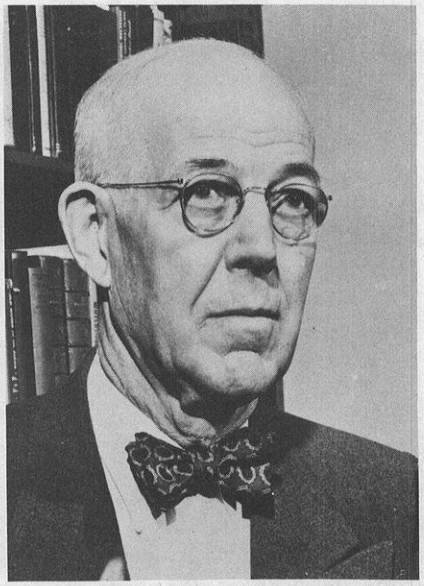
When the rest of the world catches up with Dr. Daniels, he will have achieved the hero status he deserves.

Dr. Arlie William Schorger died on May 26, 1972 after a fruitful life worthy of emulation. The following citation, awarded to him a month before his death by the Wisconsin Natural Resources Foundation, summarizes many of his contributions:

> Foster son of Wisconsin for over 60 years – scientist, educator, author and ardent naturalist; Emeritus Professor of Wildlife Management at the University of Wisconsin and the outstanding natural history historian in America; member of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission for six years; former Director of the National Audubon Society and President of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters which gave him Honorary Membership; Fellow of the American Ornithologists' Union and winner of the Brewster Award for ornithological contributions; author of books on The Passenger Pigeon and The Wild Turkey as well as many articles on wildlife in early Wisconsin and the need for conservation of natural resources today.

Besides this summary of his accomplishments, reference should be made to his honorary Doctor of Science degrees from Lawrence College and the University of Wisconsin and also of his book to be published posthumously by the U. W. Press: *Prairie, Marsh, and Grove – the Natural History of a Midwestern County.* He also was President of United Inventors, Inc. from 1931 to 1937 and the author of a book on chemistry and 270 scientific papers.

After retiring from active business in 1950, he joined the staff of the U. W. Department of Forestry and Wildlife Management in 1951, where he continued his research work. He refused a regular salary and was given a token salary of $1,000 a year which he turned back annually to the University in grants to the library for natural history books. When the University gave him Emeritus status in 1955, he continued working as if no change had occurred.



Arlie William Schorger

Bill Schorger's contributions to the Wisconsin Academy extended over more than a half century as he became a member in 1916. He was made an Honorary Member at the Centennial celebration in 1970. At the time of his death, he had served on the Academy Council for thirty years and as President in 1942-43. From 1942 through 1945 he was on the Membership Committee and many Life Members were secured at that time through his efforts. Also, while he was President, the idea of a Junior Academy of Science was conceived and planned.

Mary Frost Kroncke, in her *Centennial* History of WASAL, refers to background correspondence for the period of 1944-1952 showing his assistance in financial problems through donations, loans, advice on investments and appearances before legislative committees for appropriations. Later, he supported the program with gifts for Junior Academy awards and other contributions. He was one of the most prolific authors publishing articles in the TRANSACTIONS, with more than a dozen on ornithological and natural history subjects equivalent in size and contents to a book on "Wisconsin Wildlife History."

After his death an editorial in *The Capital Times* called Dr. Schorger a "Unique Man of Knowledge" and said "The passing of Bill Schorger leaves a void in this town and gown community." It also leaves a void in the minds and hearts of his colleagues in WASAL. His place in their ranks will not easily be filled. – *Walter E. Scott.*

Dr. Emma Fisk, an Honorary Life member of the Wisconsin Academy, died Nov. 9, 1972, in Madison following a brief illness.

Dr. Fisk, 80, was emeritus professor of botany at the University of Wisconsin-Madison campus. She had been a member of the UW faculty since 1920 and a member of the Wisconsin Academy since 1921. She received her

B.A. degree from Wellesley College and her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the UW.

A native of Newark, N. Y., Prof. Fisk taught plant morphology and was the author of several botany books and articles. She was a visiting professor at Wellesley in 1939 and served as an instructor at Sweetbriar College, Va., from 1916 to 1918.

A member of Phi Beta Kappa, she was also a member of many science organizations, including the Wisconsin Academy, the Botanical Society of America, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor Fisk was a charter member of the Wisconsin Chapter of Sigma Delta Epsilon, women's honorary scientific society.

The funeral was held in Newark, N.Y., with memorial services at Madison.

Academy Life Member John Marshall, 67, of 5805 Winnequah Rd., Madison, died November 14, 1972.

Mr. Marshall was born and spent most of his life in Madison where he was active in environmental and cultural affairs. In addition to his association with the Academy, he was a member of the Capital Community Citizens, the Nature Conservancy and the United Nations Association.

Mr. Marshall was also treasurer of the Madison Print Club as well as past president of the Madison Art Association, treasurer of the Madison Art Foundation, co-chairman of the Wisconsin Chapter of the American Field Service, and a member of the board of the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union.

He married the former Sally Owen in 1933 and was employed by the Gisholt Machine Co. for many years before going into business for himself. Mrs. Marshall died in 1970. Surviving are two sons, Laird Marshall of McFarland and Owen Marshall of Minneapolis, Minn.; a daughter, Mrs. Jan Fox of Marquette, Mich.; a sister, Mrs. Julian Harris of Madison; a brother, Richard Marshall of Madison; and two grandchildren.

letters

Dear Sirs:

Your recent two-part article on science and society was [illegible] which, I am sure, [illegible] ut across disciplinary interests. Profe[illegible]sor Jameson['s] [illegible] to relate the consequences of expa[illegible] of We[illegible] Civil[illegible] is [illegible] I s[illegible] howe[illegible] his [illegible]

[illegible] today are problems which are basically the responsibility of state and local governments, e.g., such problems as mass transportation, urban renewal, rural enrichment, crime prevention, economic development, health care, and pollution

(To LeRoy Lee, Director of the Wisconsin Junior Academy)

Dear Mr. Lee,

I showed the slides from the Field Geology and Ecology Institute last summer and the response from the students seemed good. They seemed interested and always had a number of questions at the end of my talk . . .

I think of the trip last summer often and seeing the slides really brought back memories. The students I talked to got a laugh when I told them that I fell and sat on a cactus. But I said, "In the end, everything came out all right." That trip meant so much to me. I saw a view of America that few people see. Our trip was so fantastic because it combined learning with getting out in the wilderness and seeing places so different from Wisconsin. I could go on and on.

The way it is now, I am planning on going to the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay because of their ecology studies.

I hope to see you again some time.

Sincerely,
Mary Montaba

P.S. I read this poem and I really liked it:

Touch the earth, love the earth,
Honor the earth, her plains,
Her valleys, her hills and
Her seas; rest your spirit
in her solitary places.
– Henry Beston.

Dear Sir:

Receiving the Walter E. Scott recommended invitation to Academy membership brought into review many precious memories of time–people–things–who/which so many years ago stimulated–created–an awareness to many values and interests that have influenced and guided a latent eagerness for knowledge in so many areas.

Probably first among these was Dr. Charles E. Brown. How well I remember wandering into the State Historical Society Museum the first time. I knew so little, really, but was full of loved stories–legends–of my own community. He knew so much about everything–and it was through his friendship and encouragement that a modicum of self-confidence and direction seemed to emerge for me. –Can scarcely believe that once, at his request, I presented a paper on local Americana at an Academy spring program! A program that included Dr. George Urdang; Nancy Oestreich–now Lurie; Helene Strattman Thomas (Blotz); Dorothy Moulding Brown. What splendid people, all! Bless Dr. Brown, eternally.

Now a retired senior citizen, these past two months I have been sorting boxes of old newspaper clippings, letters, memorabilia of those "early years" and reliving the warmth of all the friendships.

And so it seemed a bit uncanny that the invitation to membership of the continuing Academy should arrive just at this time. I wish it were possible to be more than just an active member. At this time, however, I do accept the invitation to affiliate, and enclosed is a postal money order for a one-year active dues membership.

Sincerely,
Mrs.Ralph J. (Dorothy) Kundert

NOW ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS

This summer, the Wisconsin Junior Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters will offer its third season of Environmental Institutes. The Institutes, designed for students in grades 9-12, provide guided study and unique small-group outdoor experiences on an "at cost" basis. Application forms and further information are available by writing:

LEROY LEE, DIRECTOR, WISCONSIN JUNIOR ACADEMY
5001 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53705

The 1973 ENVIRONMENTAL INSTITUTES

PROGRAM of the Wisconsin Junior Academy

Southern Rocky Mountain Field Trip

June 7-22 **$170**

This Institute will introduce participants to desert and mountain life zones of the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona. The environmental forces shaping each zone and the adaptations of plants and animals to those forces will be studied. In addition, many other stops will be made, including White Sands, Chiricahua and Saguaro National Monuments, the Painted Desert and Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Several stops will explore the archaeological sites of the southwest.

Northern Rocky Mountain Field Trip

June 26-July 11 **$170**

Designed to provide a variety of field experiences, stress will be placed on glaciers and glaciation of the northern Rocky Mountains to provide the basis for interpretation of Wisconsin land forms. Areas to be visited and discussed include: Glacier National Park and Jasper and Banff National Park in Alberta, Canada to show geological features and alpine ecology; mining, smelting and logging areas of Montana to show areas of environmental use and disuse; Lewis and Clark Caverns and plant fossil collecting areas near Drummond, Montana; Yellowstone National Park to show geothermal and earthquake areas; the plains area of Wyoming to show coal mining and oil drilling; Black Hills National Forest to see broad domal structure of mountains; and the Badland National Monument to show erosional features.

Central Rocky Mountain Field Trip

July 14-27 **$150**

The geologic history and ecological life zones of the Gallatin Mountains near Bozeman, Montana will be the main topics of the Central Rocky Mountain Field Trip. Following the stay in the Gallatins, additional study areas will include Yellowstone National Park, the Black Hills National Forest and Badlands National Monument.

Northeastern Seashore Field Trip

August 1-14 **$150**

The focus of the Northeastern Seashore Field Trip will be Acadia National Park's Mount Desert Island where a base camp will allow several days for studies of tidal pools, bogs and glacial geology. The White Mountains will also be visited for several days. Enroute to the Maine coast, stops will be made in Montreal and at the Bay of Fundy. The return trip will feature stops at a granite quarry, antique shops and museums, historic sites, Niagara Falls and a trilobite fossil collecting site.

Wilderness Canoe Experience

August 6-18 **$145**

This institute, offered in cooperation with UW-Superior, is designed to develop camping and canoeing skills and a positive attitude toward wilderness areas. In addition, the institute will attempt to achieve an understanding of geology, ecology and cultural history of the Quetico-Superior Wilderness Area. The classroom phase of the program will be held at UW-Superior and the field portion will be in the Quetico-Superior Wilderness Area of Minnesota and Canada.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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ABOUT OUR COVER . . .

The past and the future have not always greeted each other with ready smiles and this early model Kissel Kar, manufactured in Hartford, Wisconsin around 1910, seems not about to let any "old-fashioned" obstacle stand in its path. It is a shame, however, that the thoughts and words of the two passengers in the ox-drawn wagon have not been preserved as eloquently as their expressions in this photograph from the collections of The State Historical Society of Wisconsin. On page 16, Paul Vanderbilt takes us back to the days when, as he says, "prudent owners took a mechanic along as passenger when they went for an outing . . . chauffeurs came later."